

POLICE

FEBRUARY COMICS 10¢

No. 16

Starring
PLASTIC MAN

I'M THE
SPIRIT!
AND
EBONY
AND I ARE
CERTAINLY
A CIRCUS
IN THIS
ISSUE!!



[illegible]

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.

P-47

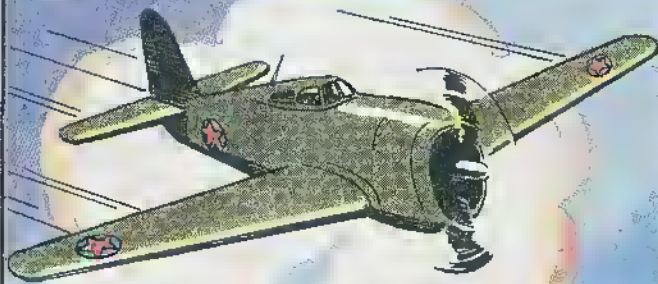
M-4

PBY

M-31

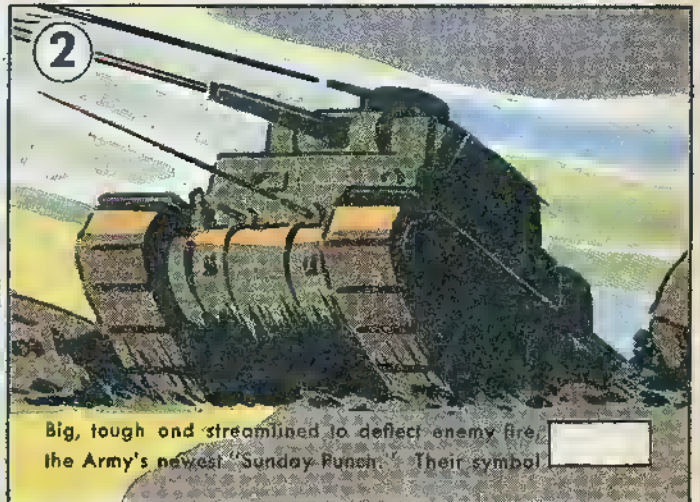
PT

1



Dog-fighting 7 miles up or in a thundering power dive, it's a fighter pilot's dream come true. Its symbol is

2



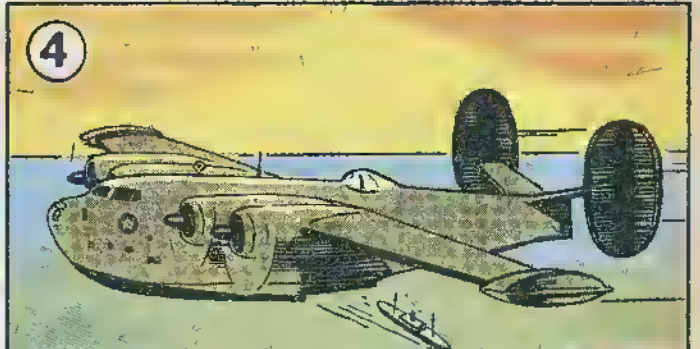
Big, tough and streamlined to deflect enemy fire, the Army's newest "Sunday Punch." Their symbol is

3



Poison to the Japs at Subic Bay, they're the fastest torpedo toters afloat. Their symbol is

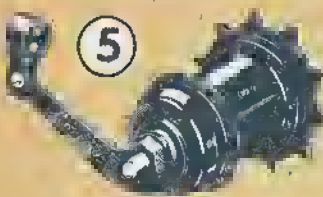
4



"Eyes of the Navy," they patrol vast ocean stretches, guard our shores, scout the enemy's fleet. Their symbol is

ANSWERS
1—P-47
2—M-4
3—PT
4—PBY
5—M-31

5



MORROW COASTER BRAKE. They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is (because of the thirty-one ball bearings that give you the longest coasting, easiest pedoling bike-ride you ever had).

The Morrow Coaster Brake is a member of "The Invisible Crew"—precision equipment built by Bendix—on war duty on every front.

THE INVISIBLE CREW

Precision

Equipment by



AVIATION CORPORATION

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

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PLASTIC MAN
PLOPS PLUNK
INTO PRIMITIVE
PAGAN POWERS

SONGING TO
LIQUIDATE
THIS BAND
OF LIBERTY

AND THE
ATTEMPT
ALMOST
ACHIEVES
ITS AIM-AS

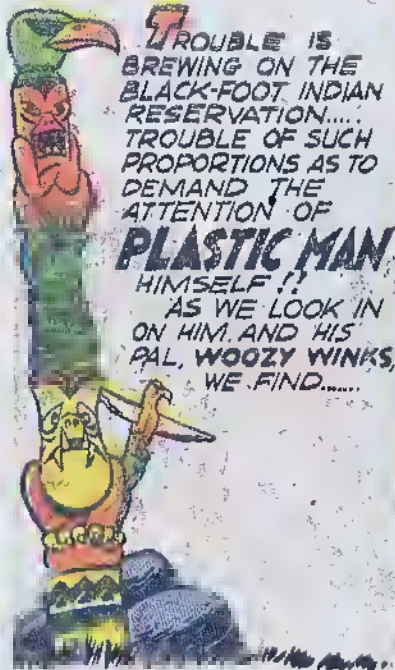
THE STRETCHING
STAR SUBMITS
TO A STRANGE
SPELL

TURNING HIM
TO A TOUR
OF TERROR
THROUGHOUT
THE TOWN

INCITING-
IRATE
INTERNAL
INSPECT-
ORS IN

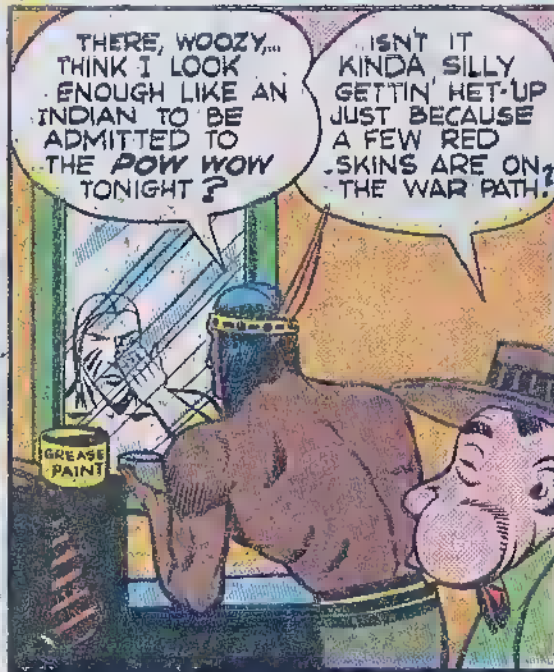
THE
CRAZIEST
CLIMAX OF
HIS CAREER

by JACK COLE
PLASTIC MAN



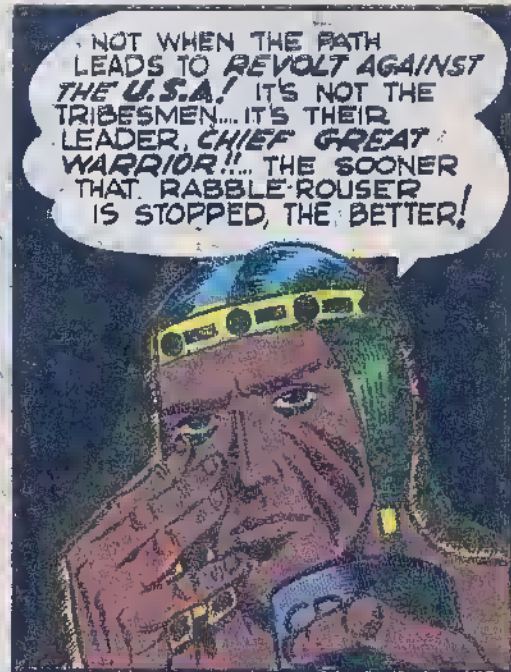
TROUBLE IS BREWING ON THE BLACK-FOOT INDIAN RESERVATION.... TROUBLE OF SUCH PROPORTIONS AS TO DEMAND THE ATTENTION OF **PLASTIC MAN** HIMSELF!!

AS WE LOOK IN ON HIM AND HIS PAL, WOZZY WINKS, WE FIND.....



THERE, WOZZY... THINK I LOOK ENOUGH LIKE AN INDIAN TO BE ADMITTED TO THE POW WOW TONIGHT?

ISN'T IT KINDA SILLY GETTIN' HET-UP JUST BECAUSE A FEW RED SKINS ARE ON THE WAR PATH?

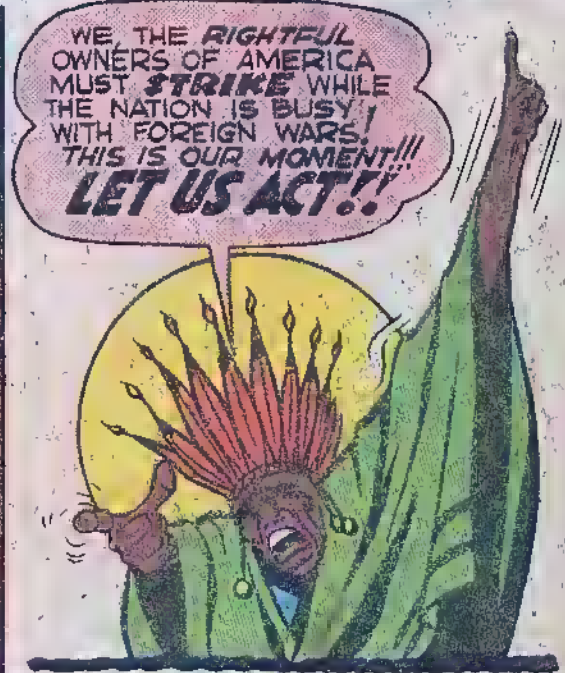


NOT WHEN THE PATH LEADS TO REVOLT AGAINST THE U.S.A.! IT'S NOT THE TRIBESMEN... IT'S THEIR LEADER, **CHIEF GREAT WARRIOR**!!... THE SOONER THAT RABBLE-ROUSER IS STOPPED, THE BETTER!

THAT NIGHT AT THE POW WOW...



I REPEAT, **NOW** IS THE TIME TO OVERTHROW THE ACCURSED WHITES!

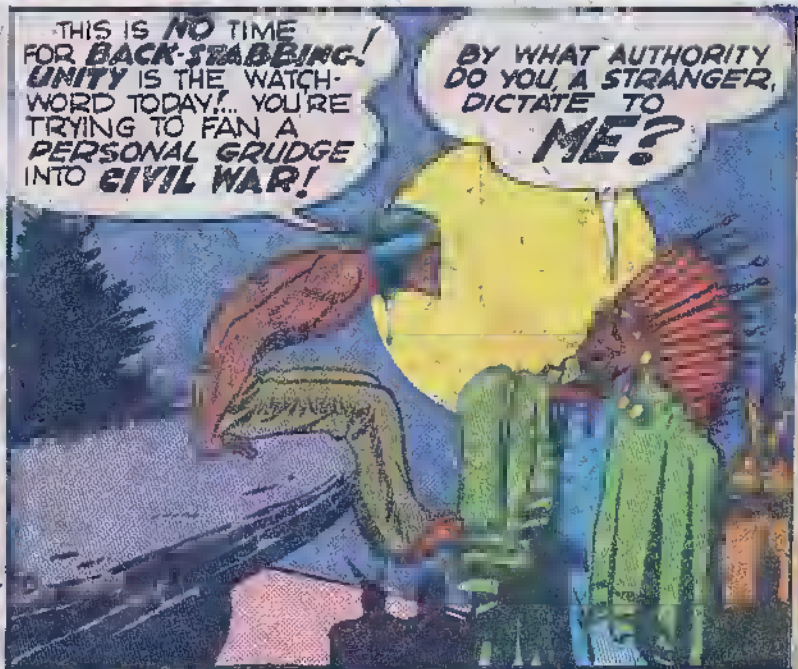


WE THE **RIGHTFUL** OWNERS OF AMERICA MUST **STRIKE** WHILE THE NATION IS BUSY WITH FOREIGN WARS! THIS IS OUR MOMENT!!! **LET US ACT!!**



JUST LISTEN TO HIM!... YOUR CHIEF WOULD REOPEN OLD WOUNDS, **LONG FORGOTTEN!**... HE WOULD HAVE YOU **KILL YOUR FRIENDS!!**

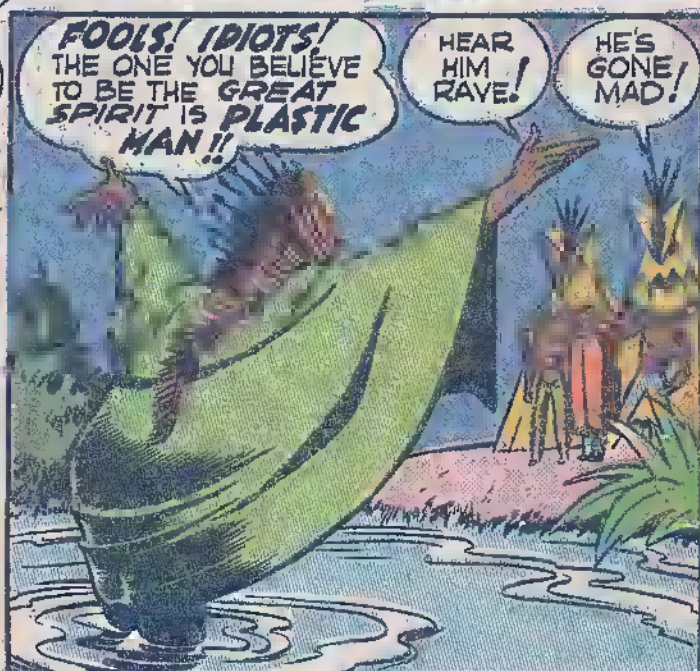
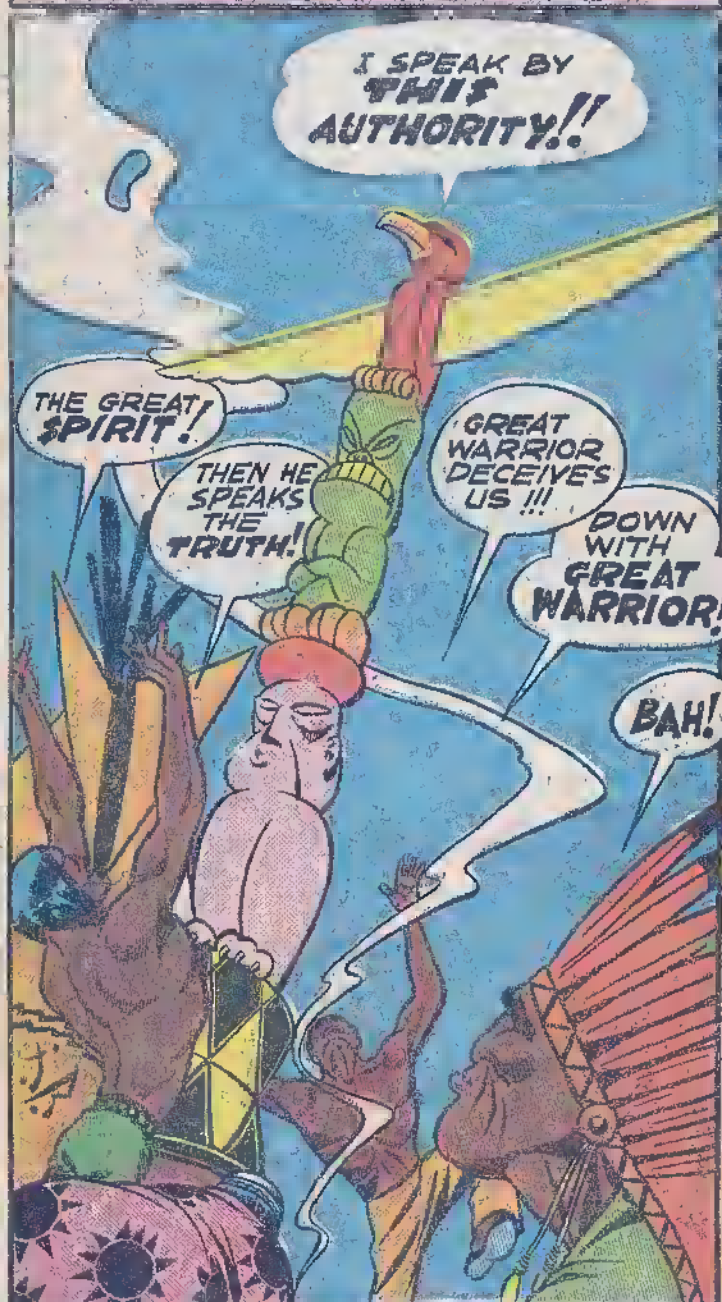
WHO ARE YOU, DOG?



THIS IS **NO** TIME FOR **BACK-STABBING!** **UNITY** IS THE WATCH-WORD TODAY!... YOU'RE TRYING TO FAN A **PERSONAL GRUDGE** INTO **CIVIL WAR!**

BY WHAT AUTHORITY DO YOU, A **STRANGER**, DICTATE TO **ME?**

A FEW MANIPULATIONS AND THE MAN OF RUBBER BECOMES A TOTEM POLE!!!



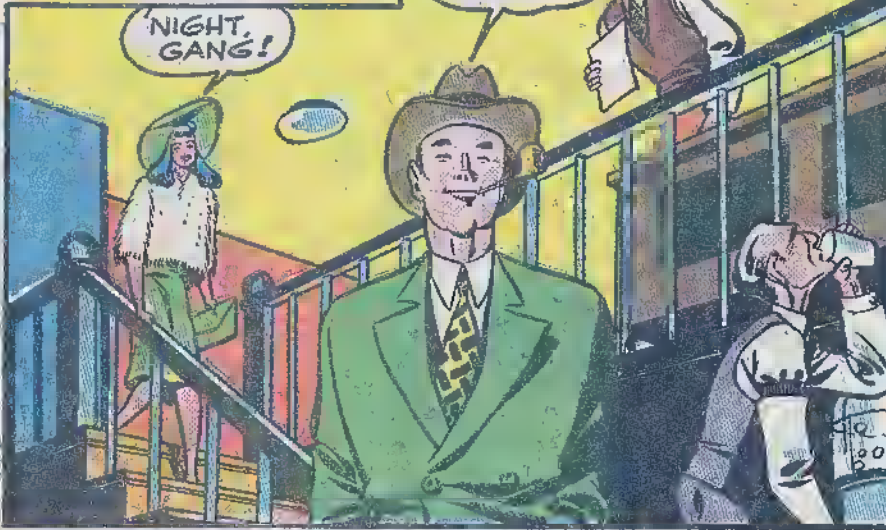
AND AS HE SINKS, STILL CURSING IN SIGN LANGUAGE...



WITH THE UPRISING-SUBDUED **PLASTIC** JOINS WOOLY, AND RELATES THE INCIDENT.....



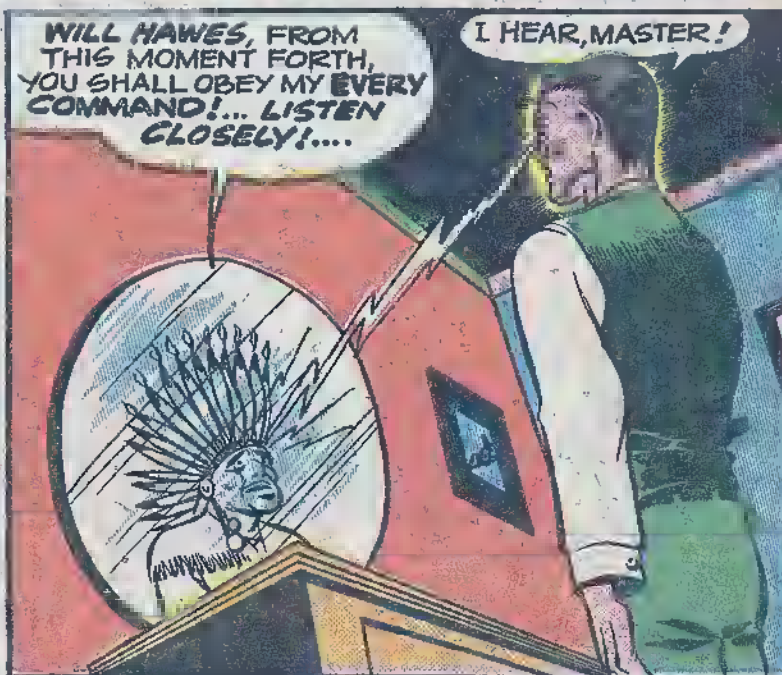
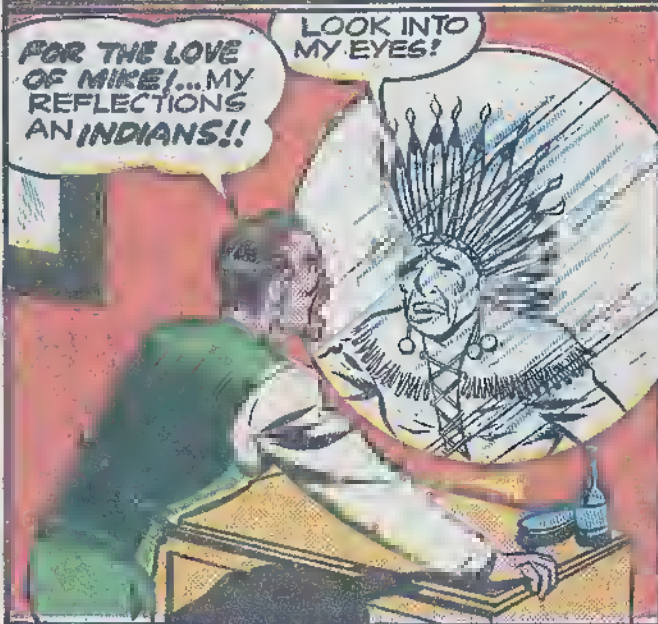
SEVERAL DAYS LATER
AND QUITTING TIME
AT THE WAGNER
LAW OFFICES...



FOR REASONS SOON EVIDENT, WE
FOLLOW COMMON, ORDINARY
INCONSPICUOUS WILL HAWES...



BUT WHEN HE VIEWS HIS MIRROR....



SO WHAT CAN POOR, HYPNOTIZED
HAWES DO BUT OBEY THE ORDER?



LOOK QUICKLY, BEFORE
THEY SLIDE FROM VIEW!
NOTE THE ADDRESS!..
LET'S FOLLOW THOSE
LETTERS!



WE ARRIVE WITH THE MAIL NEXT DAY, AT RADIO STATION WXXM...

WOW! LOOK AT THIS MAIL!.. THE SURPRISE PARTY PROGRAM FRIDAY! SHOULD BE A HIT!

I'LL SAY!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER PLASTICMAN RECEIVES A NOTE FROM THE STATION!

IT'S FROM WXXM... SAYS I SHOULD LISTEN TO THE SURPRISE PARTY PROGRAM FRIDAY!

WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S THE PROGRAM WHERE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN! SORT OF AN ADULT KIDDIE'S HOUR... HMM... WONDER WHAT'S IN STORE FOR ME?

FRIDAY NIGHT, AND THE PROGRAM SOON ROLLS AROUND...

AND IF MAYOR CROWLEY WILL LOOK UNDER HIS DAVENPORT, HE'LL FIND A SURPRISE!

YOU LISTENING, MAYOR?

MEANWHILE, IN THE MAYOR'S HOME

HA! IF CITY COUNCIL COULD ONLY SEE YOU NOW!

THERE'S NOTHING UNDER — OH, YES THERE IT IS!

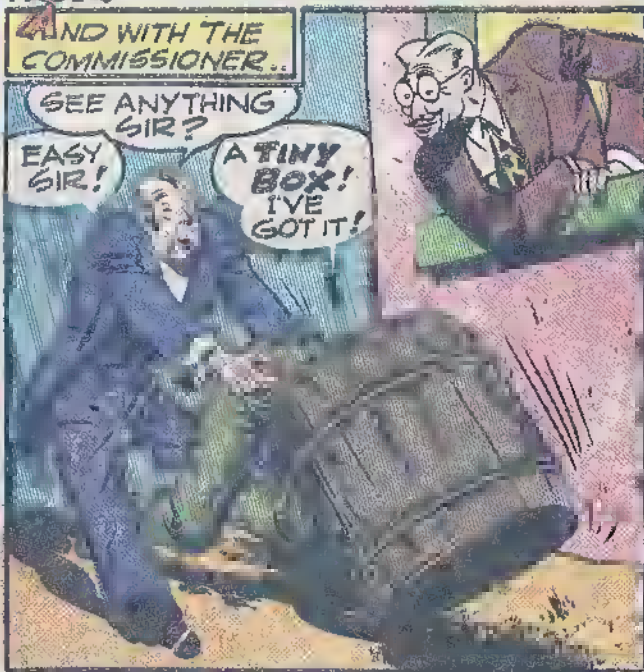
GREAT SCOTT!

A BOMB!

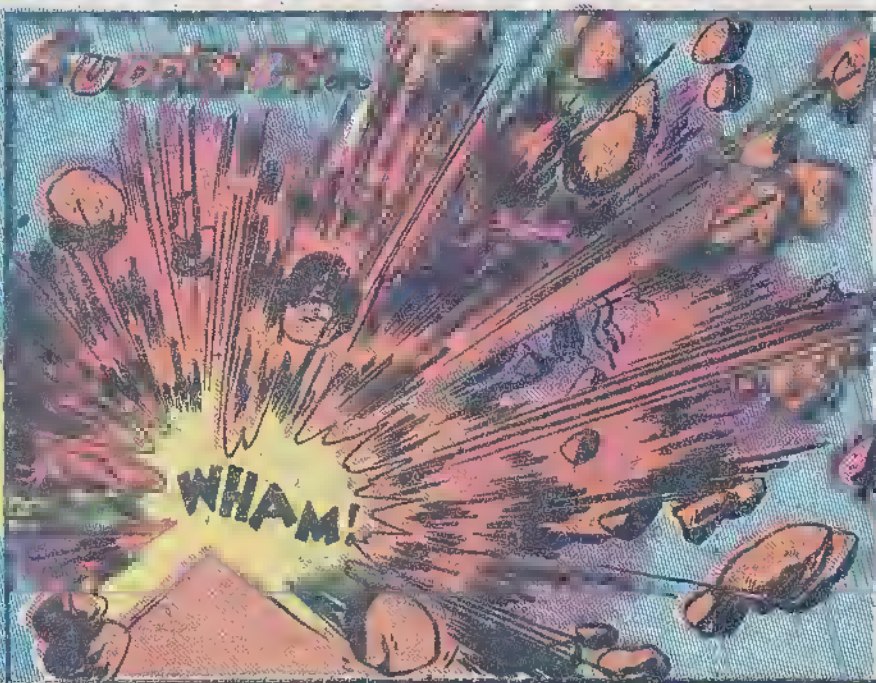
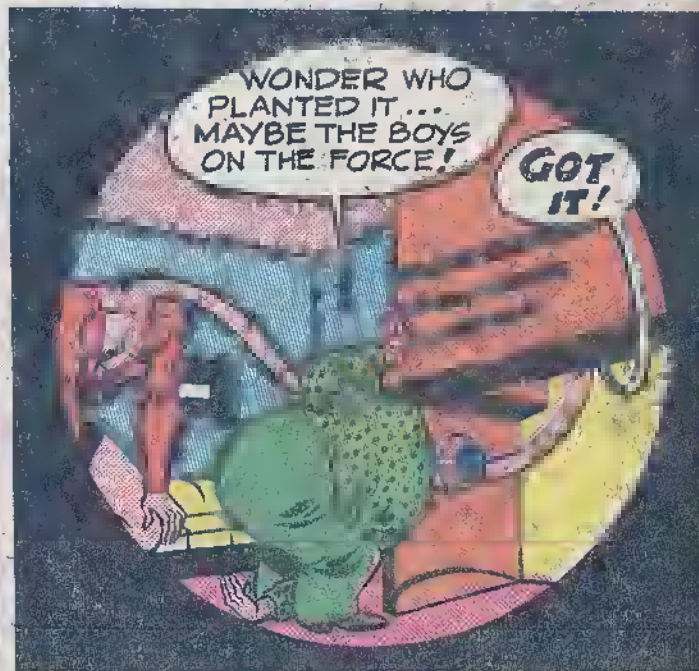
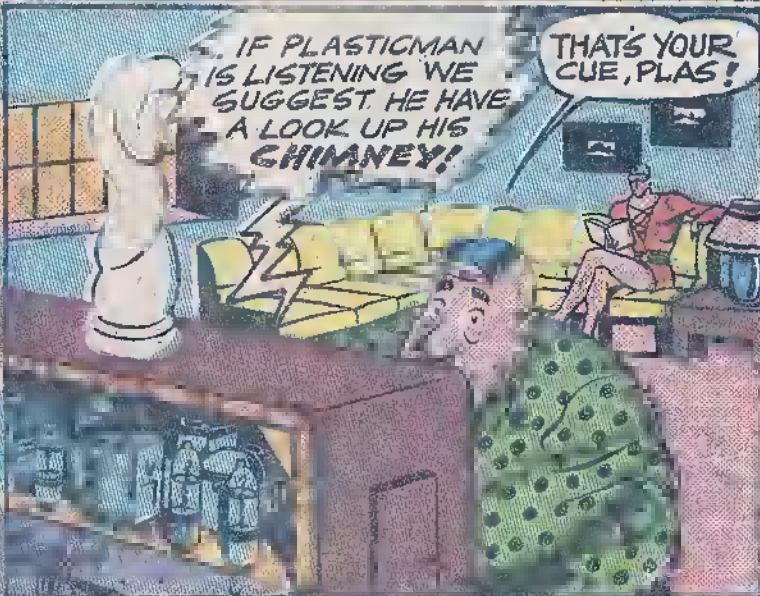
BLAM!!

UNMINDFUL OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED THE RADIO PROGRAM CONTINUES...

NEXT THERE'S A PRESENT WAITING FOR POLICE COMMISSIONER KANE IN THE RAINBARREL OUTSIDE HIS HOME!!



AND SO IT GOES ... CITY OFFICIALS KILLED RIGHT AND LEFT AS THE PROGRAM ROLLS ON.



WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT??

DON'T KNOW, BUT, THIS BOMB FRAGMENT HAS PRINTS ON IT! FIRST WE'LL CHECK UP ON STATION WXXM!

BUT THE LAW HAS ALREADY MOVED TO HALT THE SURPRISE PARTY PROGRAM...

WHAT?

YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE! WE'RE ON THE AIR!...

THAT'S ALL BUD! YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW YOUR MURDERS CAME OFF AS PLANNED!

YOU'RE OFF THE AIR NOW-FOR LIFE!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

MAYBE YOU DIDN'T KNOW THOSE SURPRISES WERE DEATH TRAPS!

AN ANGRY MOB HAS GATHERED AT THE RADIO STATION AS WOZZI AND PLASTIC ARRIVE....

OH...OH! A LYNCHING!

SOMEONE NEEDS HELP QUICK!

KILL 'IM!

DIRTY RAT!

TAKE THAT!

I'M INNOCENT I SAY!!

YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE IT... C'MON!

WH-?

?

LATER, AT THE POLICE LAB..

YEP.. HE'S RIGHT... HIS PRINTS DON'T MATCH THE ONES ON THE BOMB-FRAGMENT!

NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME?

YES, BUT...

CONVINCING A MOB WILL BE DIFFERENT!... YOU'D BETTER STAY UNDER POLICE PROTECTION FOR AWHILE UNTIL THE PUBLIC LEARNS THE TRUTH!

NEXT DAY WILL HAWES, UNMINDFUL OF WHAT HE HAS DONE READS OF THE MURDERS...



IT'S HORRIBLE! WHOEVER DID IT SHOULD BE BOILED IN OIL!

GAIN THE REFLECTION APPEARS!



IT IS YOU WHO DID IT, HAWES... BUT YOU FAILED TO KILL THE MOST IMPORTANT ONE, PLASTICMAN!

HUH! ME??

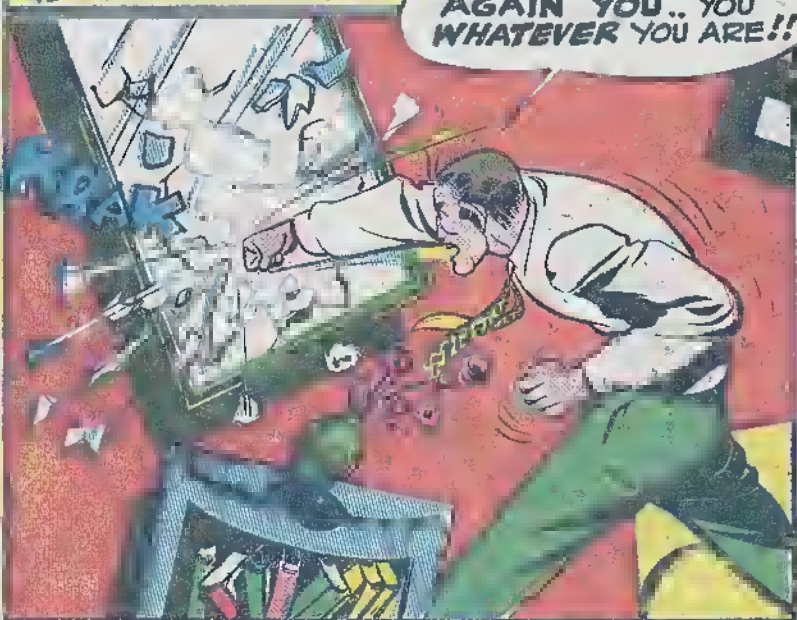
HOWEVER THIS TIME YOU SHALL SUCCEED! LOOK INTO MY EYES!!



NO! NO! NO!

I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT!

HAWES LASHES OUT...

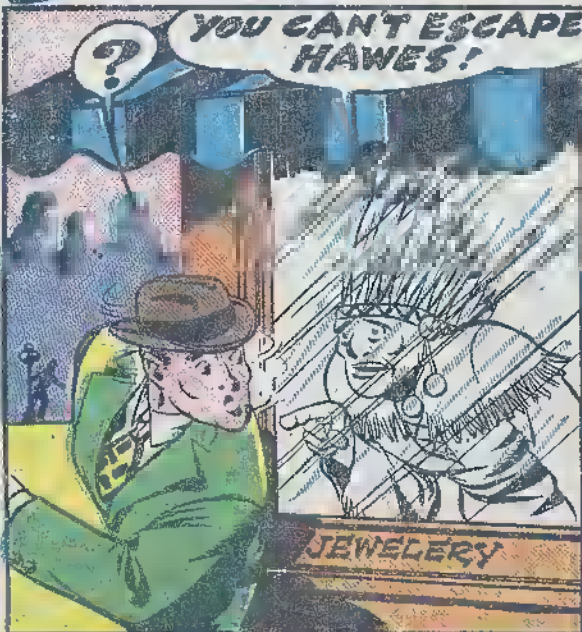


YOU'LL NOT TRICK ME AGAIN YOU... YOU WHATEVER YOU ARE!!

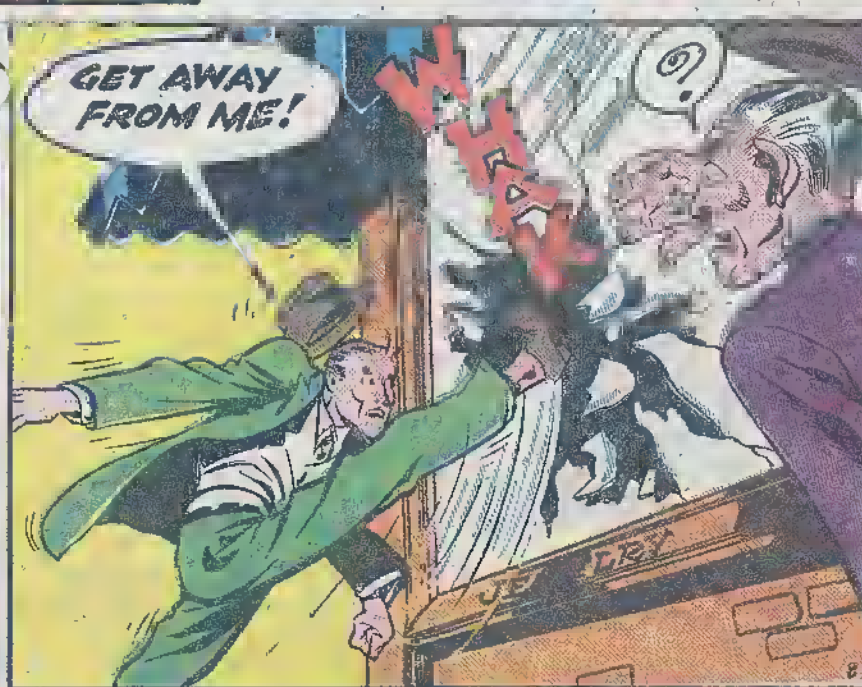


MUST GET AWAY... SOME WHERE... ANY WHERE!!

BUT IN THE STREET....



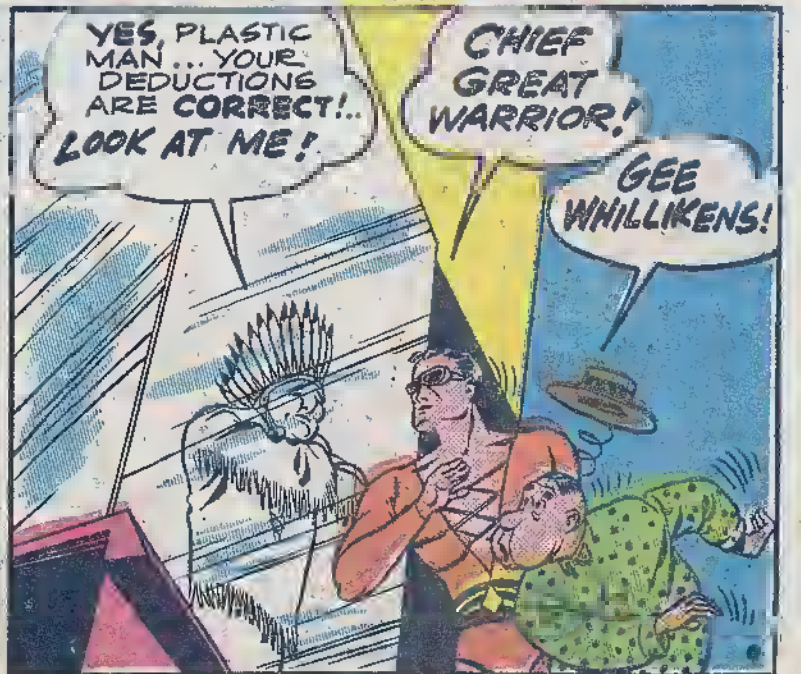
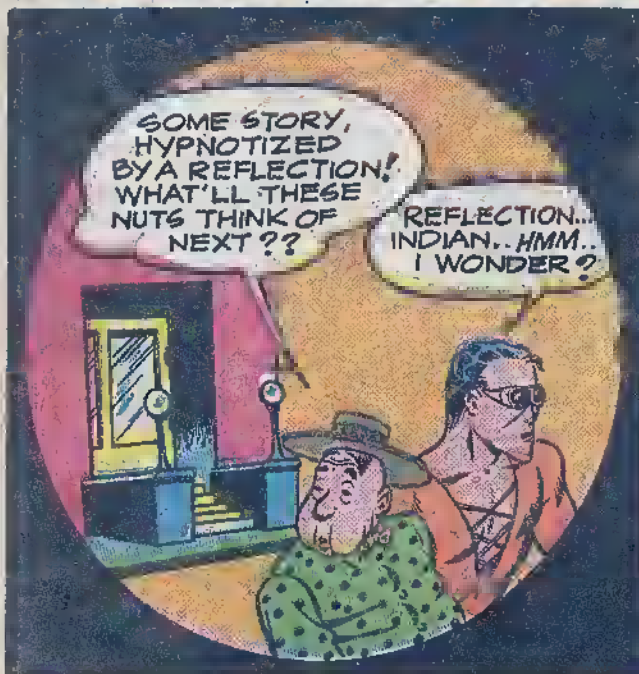
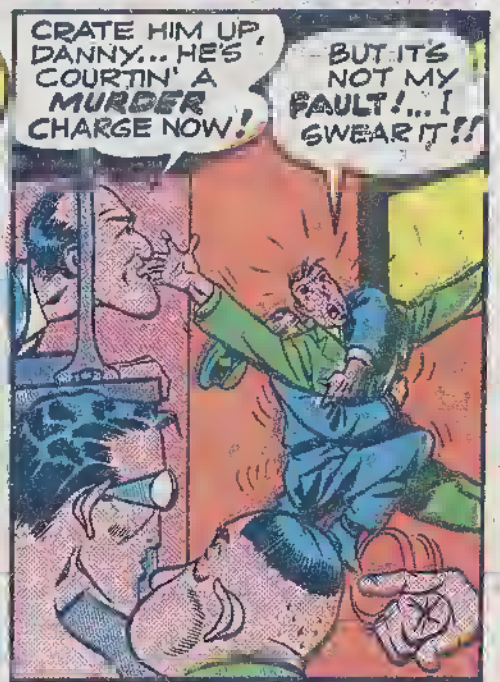
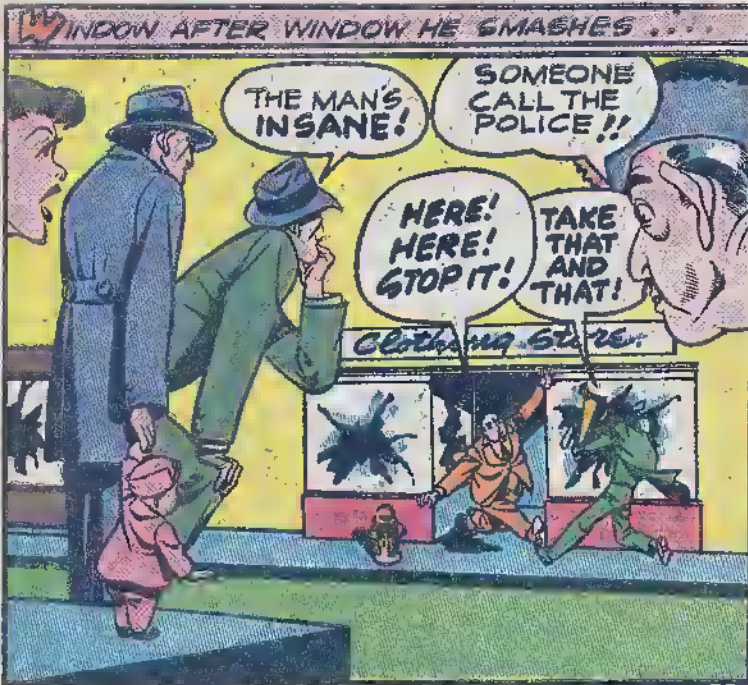
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE HAWES!



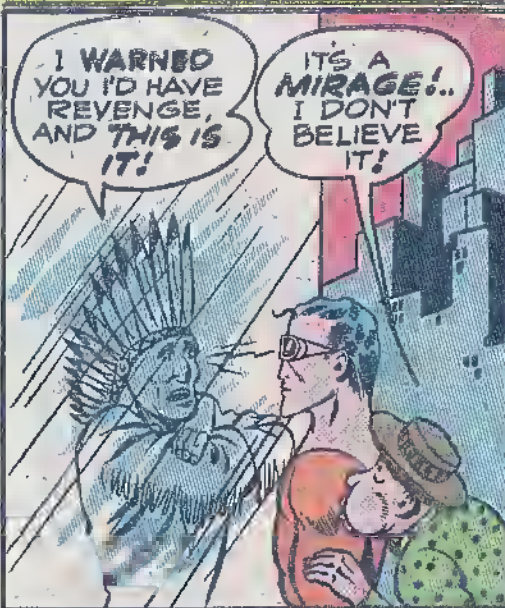
GET AWAY FROM ME!

WHA!

?



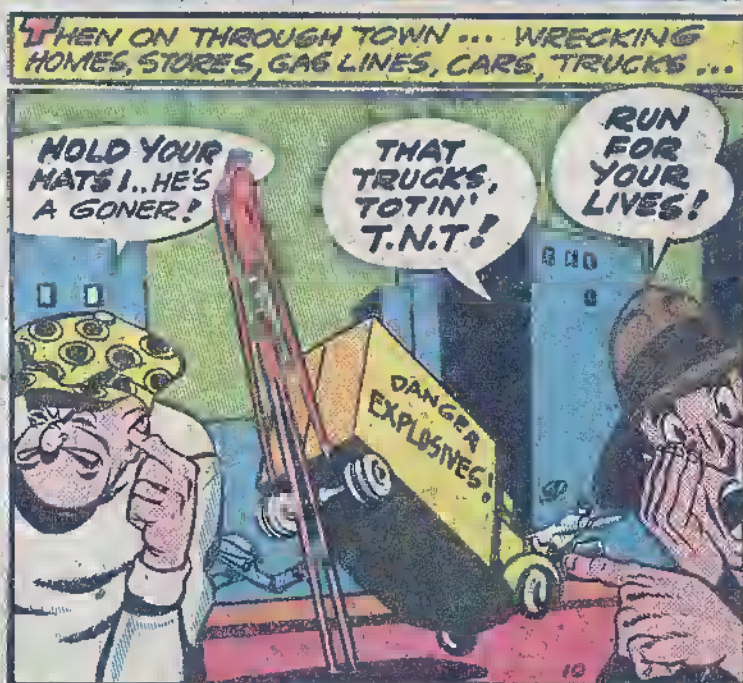
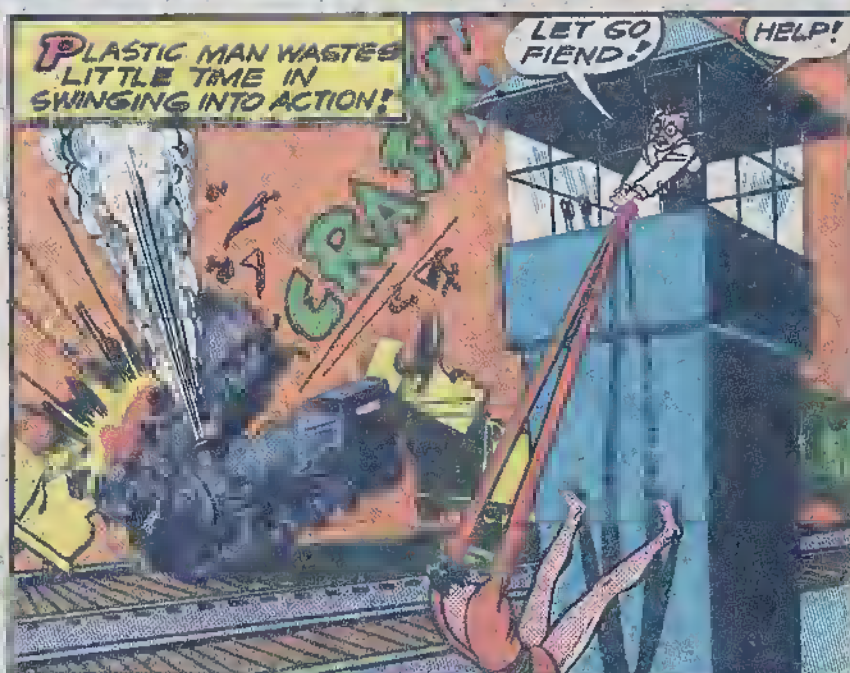
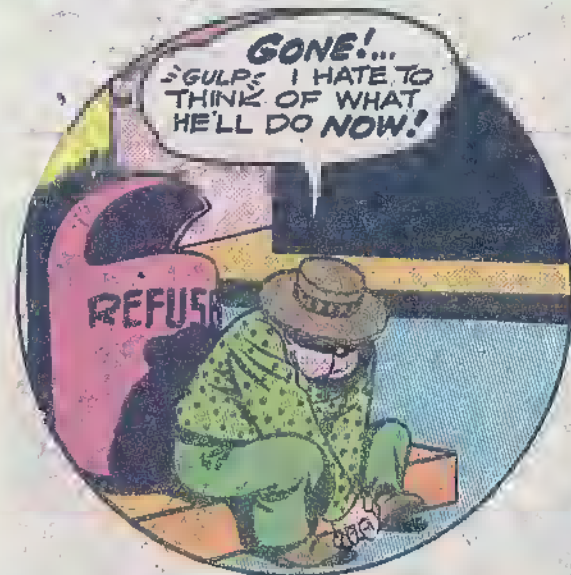
BEFORE HE CAN STEEL HIMSELF, PLASTIC MAN IS UNDER THE SPELL.



YOU WILL DESTROY THE CITY SINGLE HANDED!!.. WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL BE THE CURSE OF THE NATION!



BUT WOOLZY'S PLEAS FALL ON DEAF EARS....



A DEAFENING
EXPLOSION
ROCKS THE CITY...

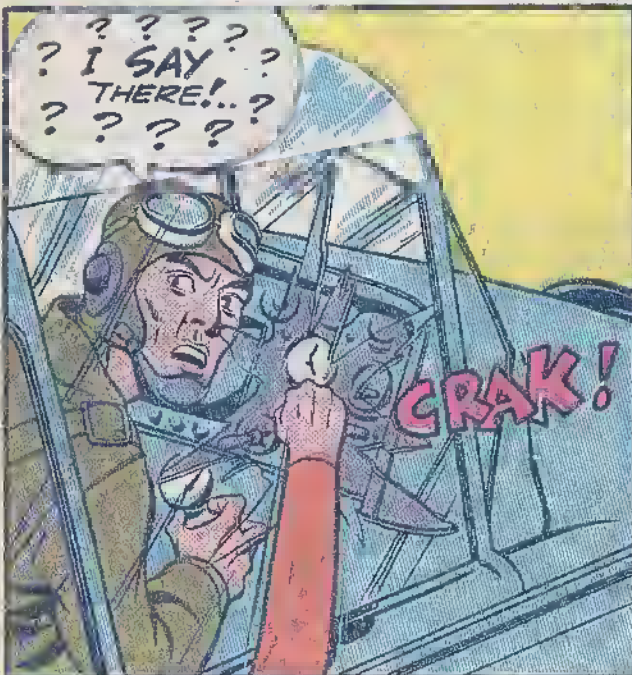
THERE HE
GOES!

BLOWN
TO BITS!

KABLOOM!

NOW... NOT TO BITS, BUT HIGH AS A KITE!...

A PLANE!..
MUST
DESTROY!



SNATCHING THE PILOT FROM THE PLUNGING
B.T. PLASTIC STRETCHES INTO A PARACHUTE...



MEANWHILE AT HEADQUARTERS..

WHAT!.. HE
DID?.. GET
HIM AT ALL
COSTS!!

BUT I TELL
YOU, HE'S
INNOCENT!
IT WAS THAT
REFLECTION!

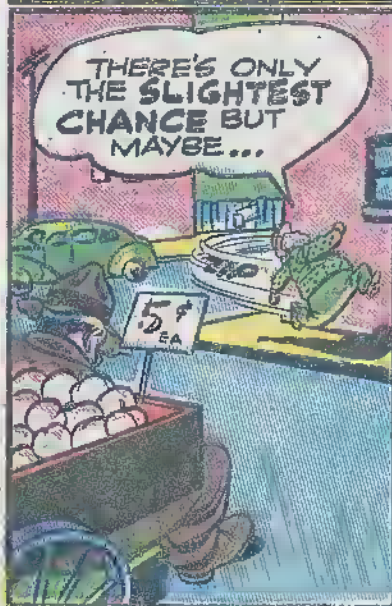
NOW YOU'VE
GONE BATTY!!
THE GUY WRECKS
HALF THE CITY AND
YOU BLAME IT ON A
REFLECTION!

GET
OUT!

YEH!

BUT HE WAS A GOOD
COP. SIGH... THE FORCE
SURE WILL MISS 'IM!..
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE
HE'D DO SUCH A
THING!

OUTSIDE WOOLLY SNAPS TO ACTION....



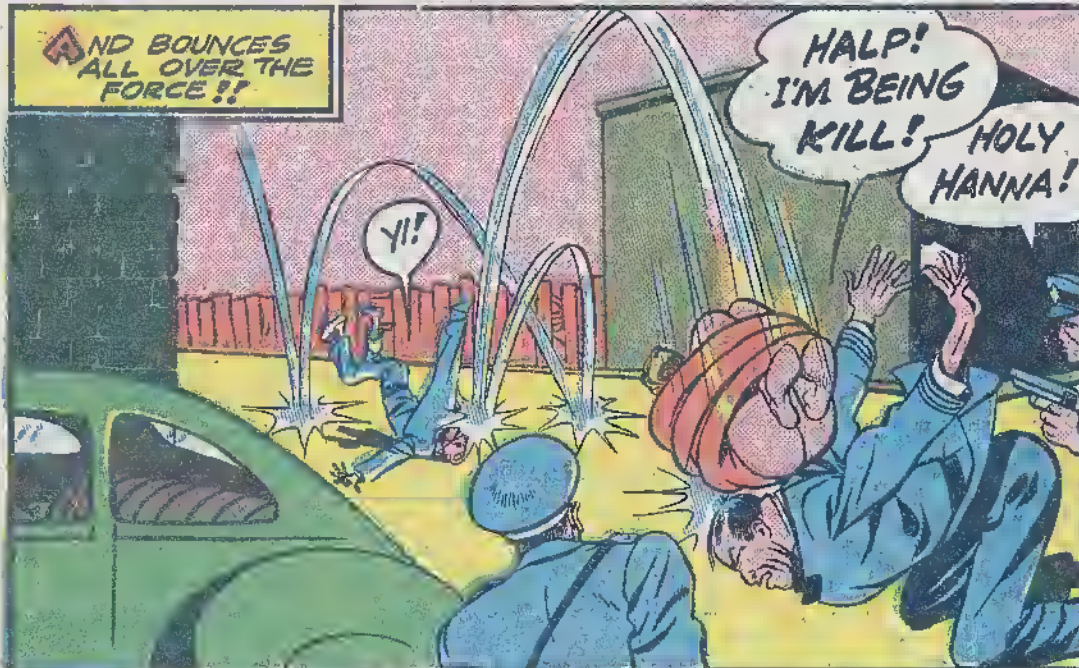
WE REJOIN PLASTIC MAN STILL PARACHUTING TO EARTH....



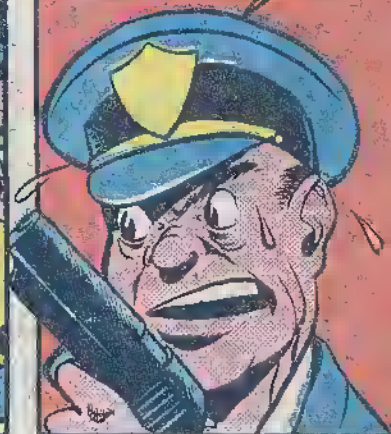
DEPOSITING THE PILOT, HE PLUNGES DOWNWARD...



AND BOUNCES ALL OVER THE FORCE!!

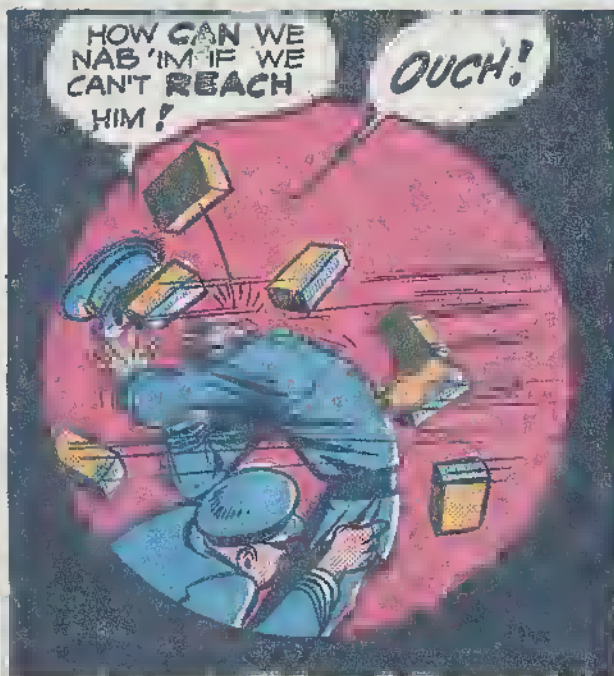


GRAB HIM BLOCKHEADS!! DON'T LET THAT RUBBER APE MAKE MONKEYS OUTTA US!

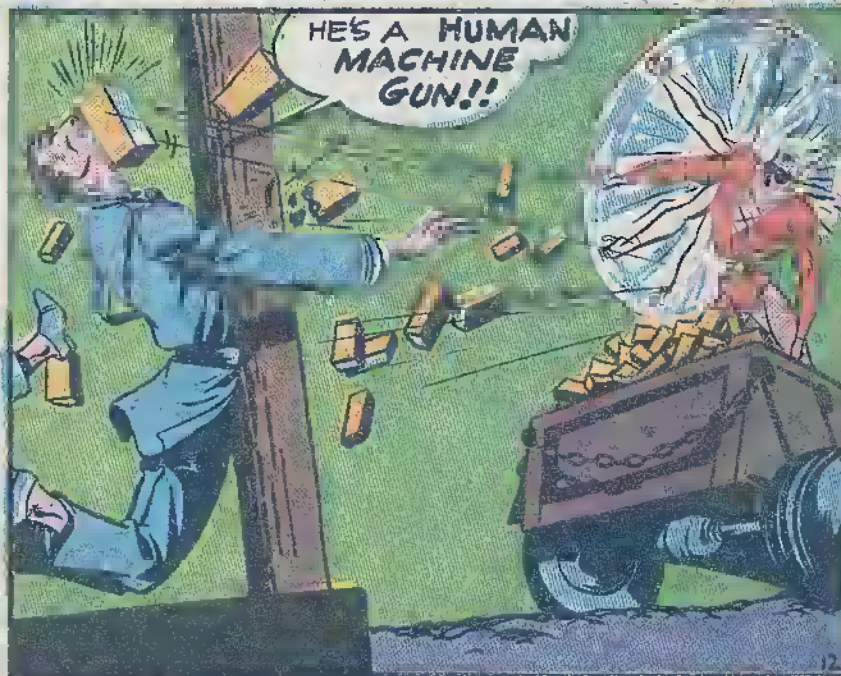


HOW CAN WE NAB 'IM IF WE CAN'T REACH HIM!

OUCH!



HE'S A HUMAN MACHINE GUN!!



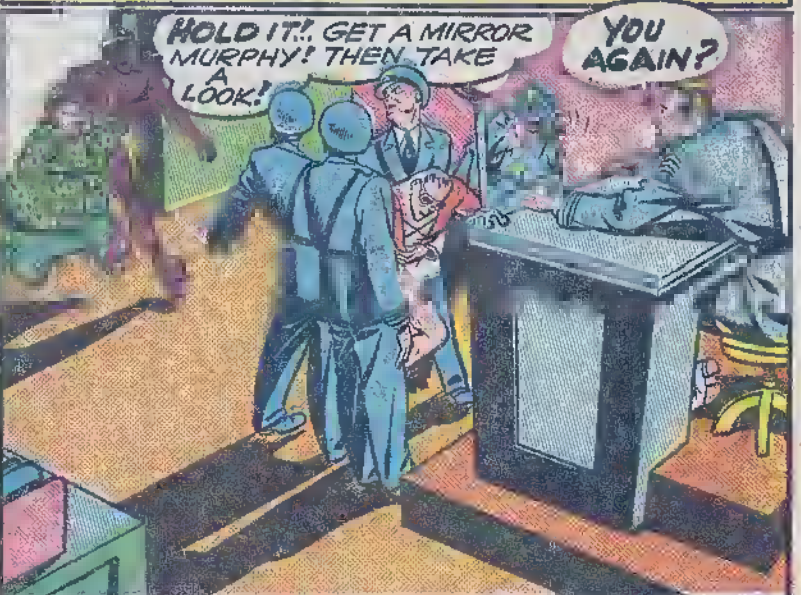
BUT A COP COMES FROM BEHIND...



A FEW MINUTES OF STRUGGLE... THEN SLEEP...



PLASTIC MAN, STILL UNCONSCIOUS IS TAKEN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



MURPHY OBLIGES, GRUMBLINGLY...

APPEAR OH FATHER! YOUR SON VOWS A LIFE OF SHAME UNLESS YOU CLEAR THE INNOCENT NAME OF PLASTIC MAN!



NO!.. YOU MUSTN'T! RATHER THAN SEE YOU DISGRACED I CONFESS MY GUILT! PLASTIC MAN IS INNOCENT!



WELL FOR... HE'S GONE!

I KNEW PLAS WAS INNOCENT!

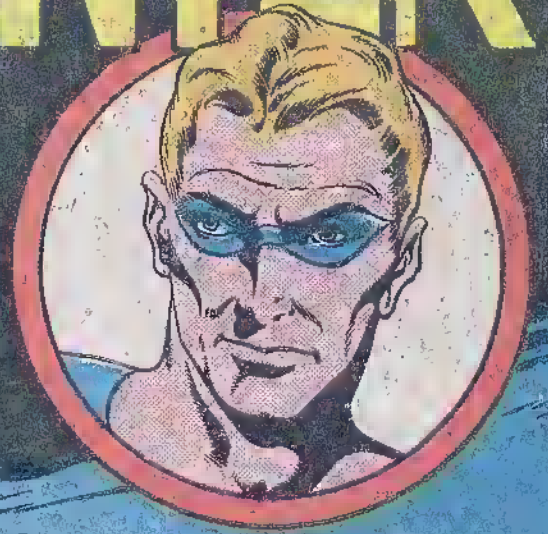


TO REST WITH HIS BODY FOREVER!

WELL, FOLKS PLASTIC MAN IS STILL OUT... THE COPS ARE TOO DUMB-FOUNDED TO SPEAK, SO GUESS IT'S UP TO ME TO SAY SO LONG, AND WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!!



MANHUNTER



**WANTED
THOR,
MANHUNTER'S
DOG
DEAD
OR
ALIVE!**

DEATH STALKS THE SHADOW OF GRAHAM PARK,
LEAVING A BLOOD SOAKED TRAIL OF MANGLED
CORPSES!! NO MAN DARED WALK THE NIGHT ALONE!!
A CITY TREMBLED AT THE SAYING OF THE DEATH-MOUND!!
AND THEN CAME THE TERRIBLE EDICT—GET MANHUNT-
ER'S GREAT DOG THOR! KILL HIM ON SIGHT!! AND IT WAS
MANHUNTER AGAINST THE WORLD, FIGHTING TO PROVE
THAT HIS BEST FRIEND HAD NOT TURNED KILLER!



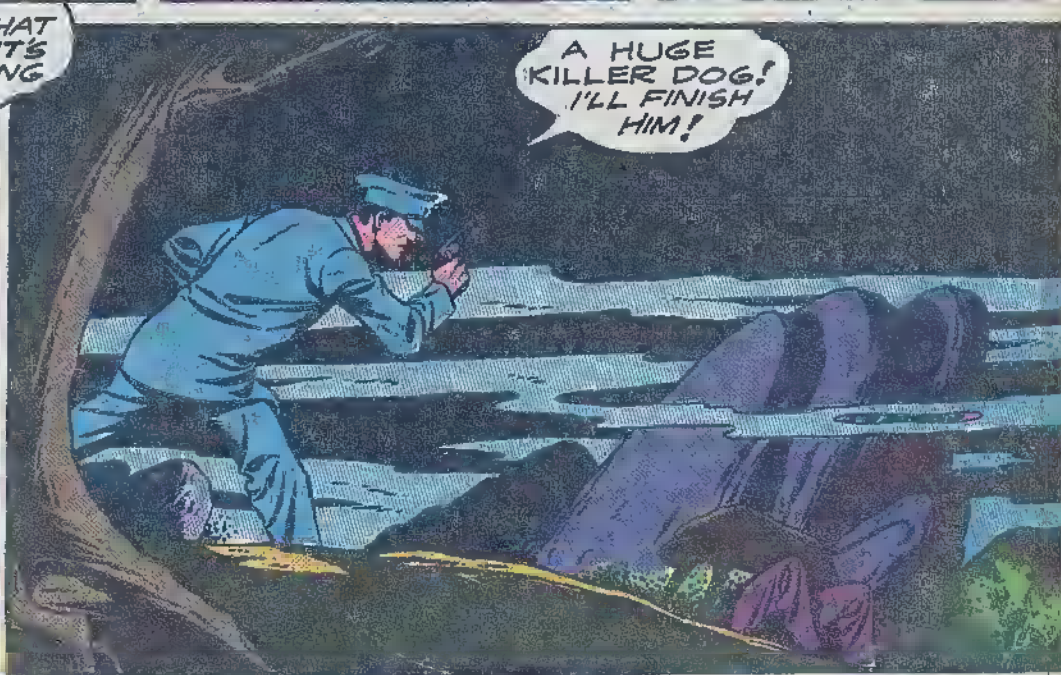
GRAHAM
PARK, AT
ONE END OF
ROOKIE DAN
RICHARDS'
NIGHTLY
BEAT!!

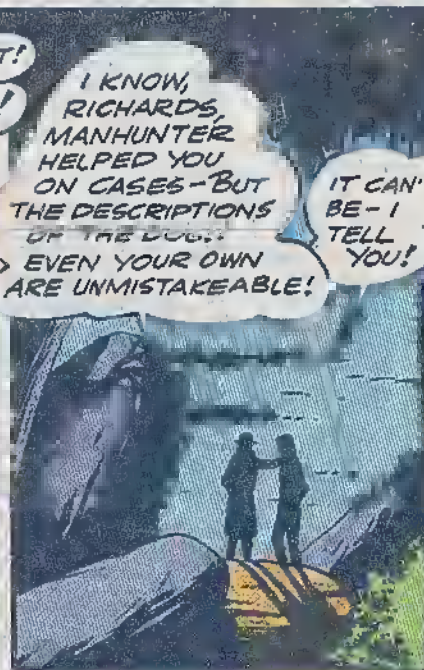
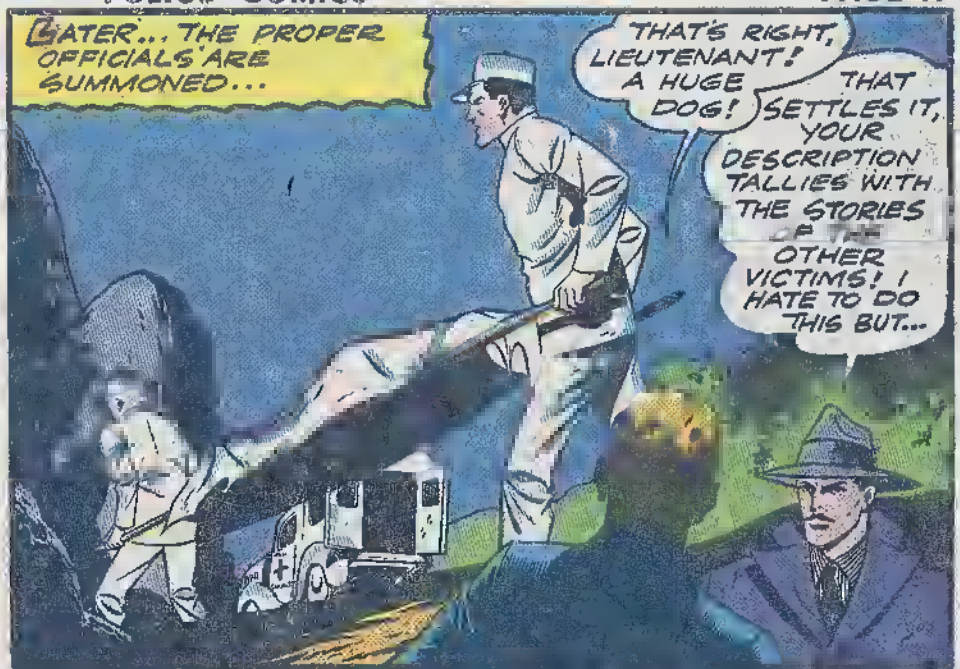
BETTER NOT
WALK THROUGH
THE PARK, SIR !!,
YOU KNOW THERE'S
BEEN SOME STRANGE
DEATHS IN
THERE ...

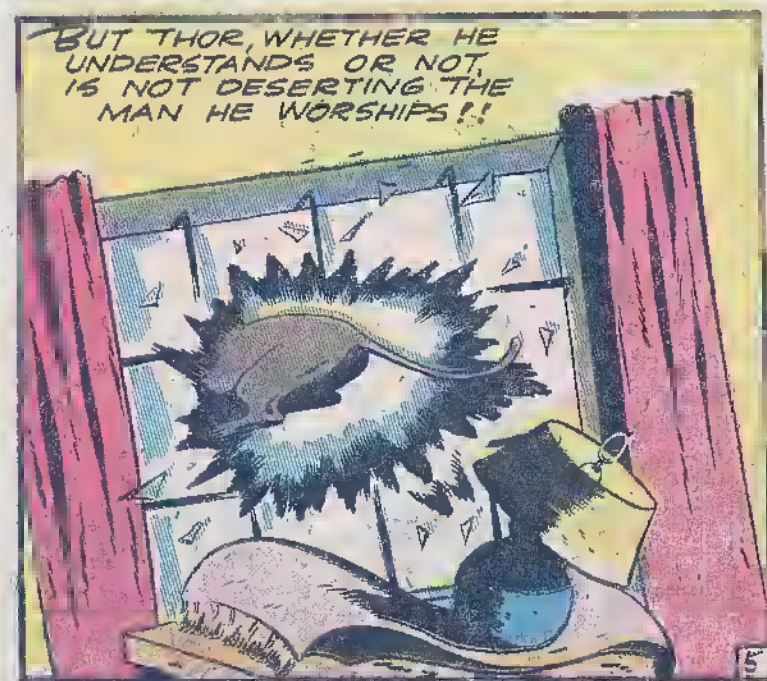
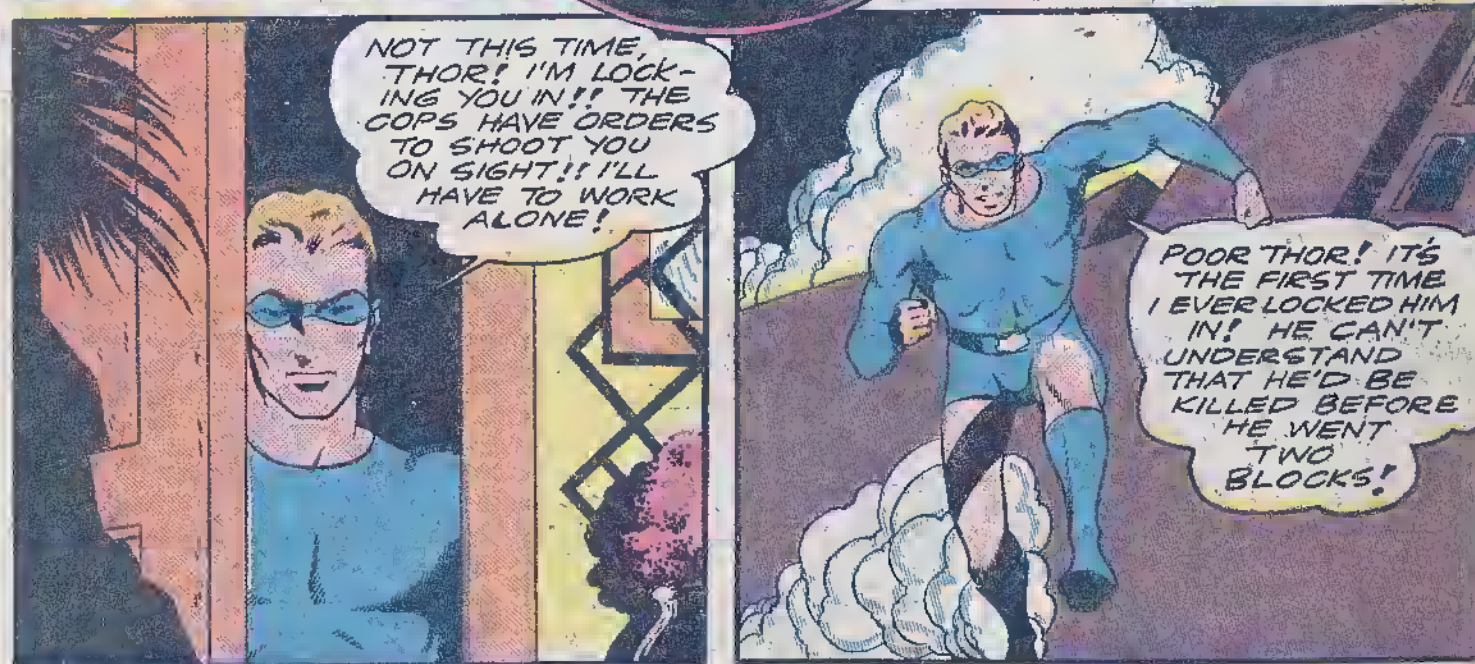
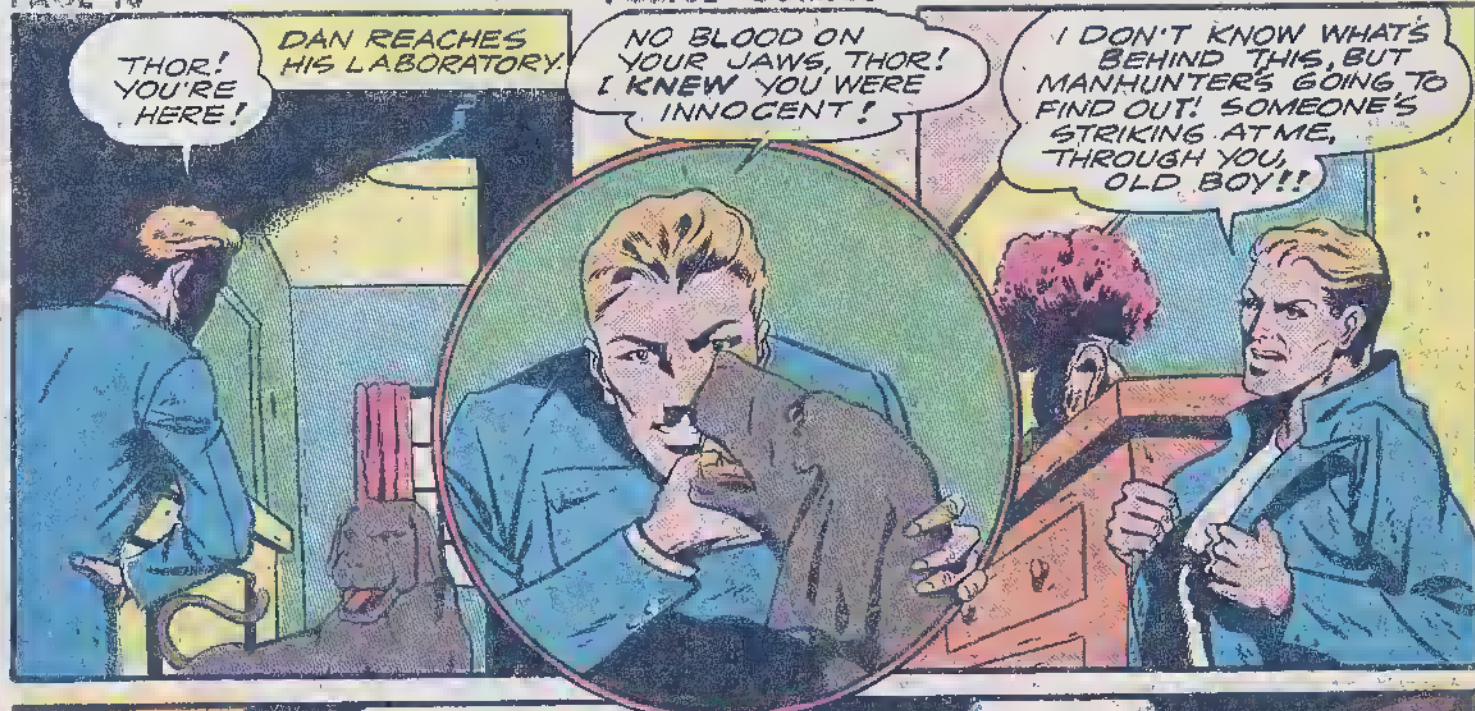
NONSENSE,
OFFICER!!
I TAKE THIS
SHORT-CUT
EVERY NIGHT!

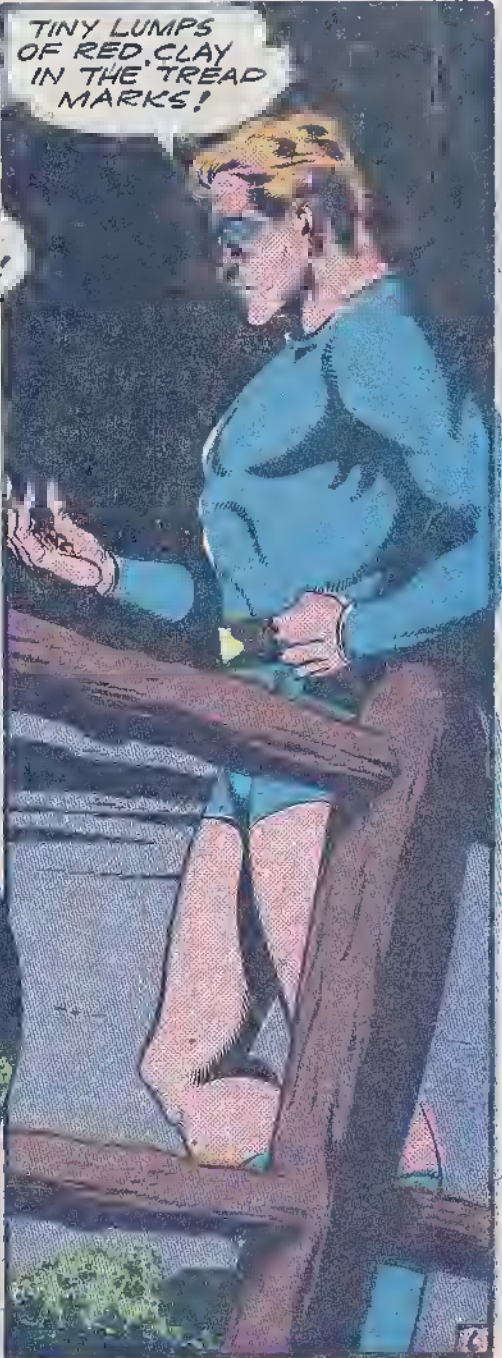
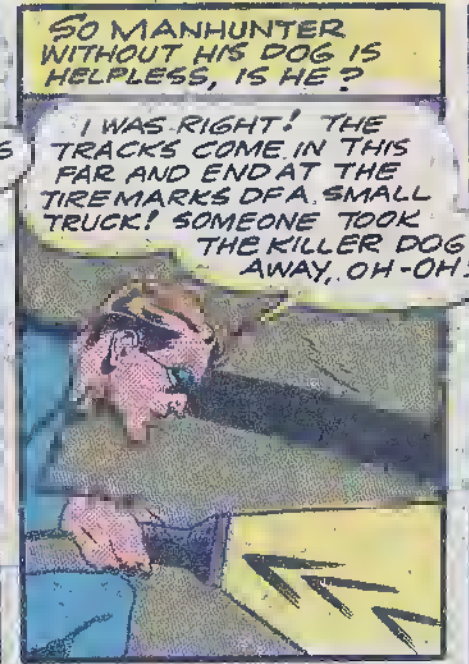
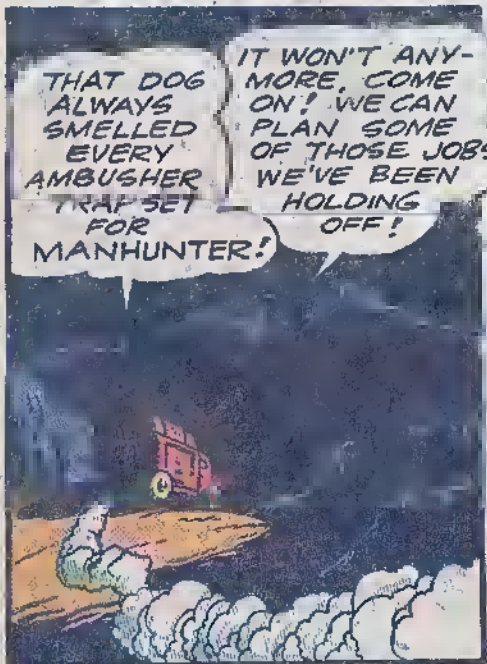
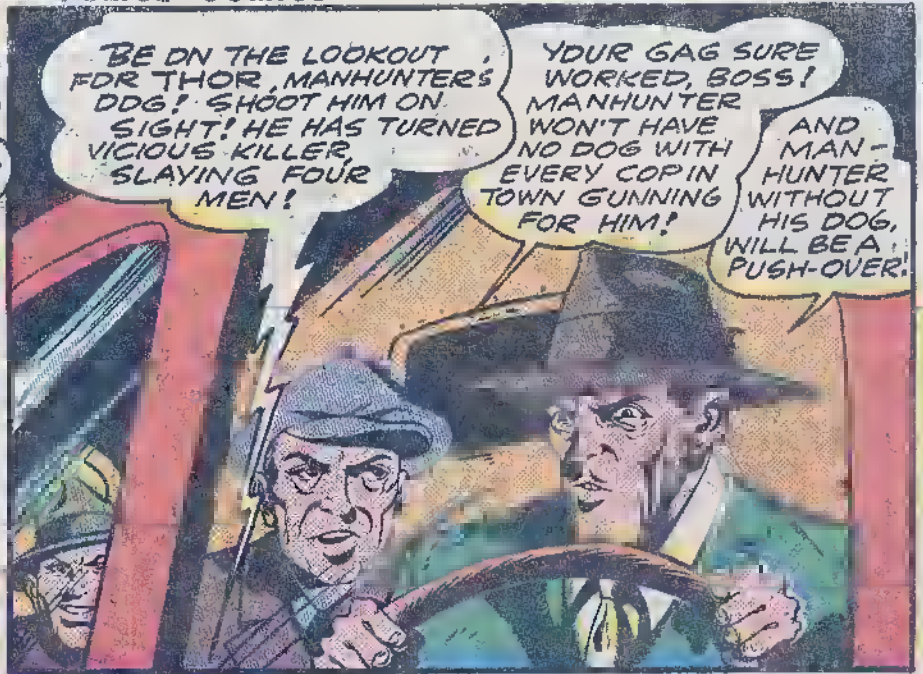
BAH! IF THIS
PARK IS
DANGEROUS,
WHY DON'T THE
POLICE DO SOME-
THING ABOUT
IT INSTEAD,
OF... WHATS
THAT?

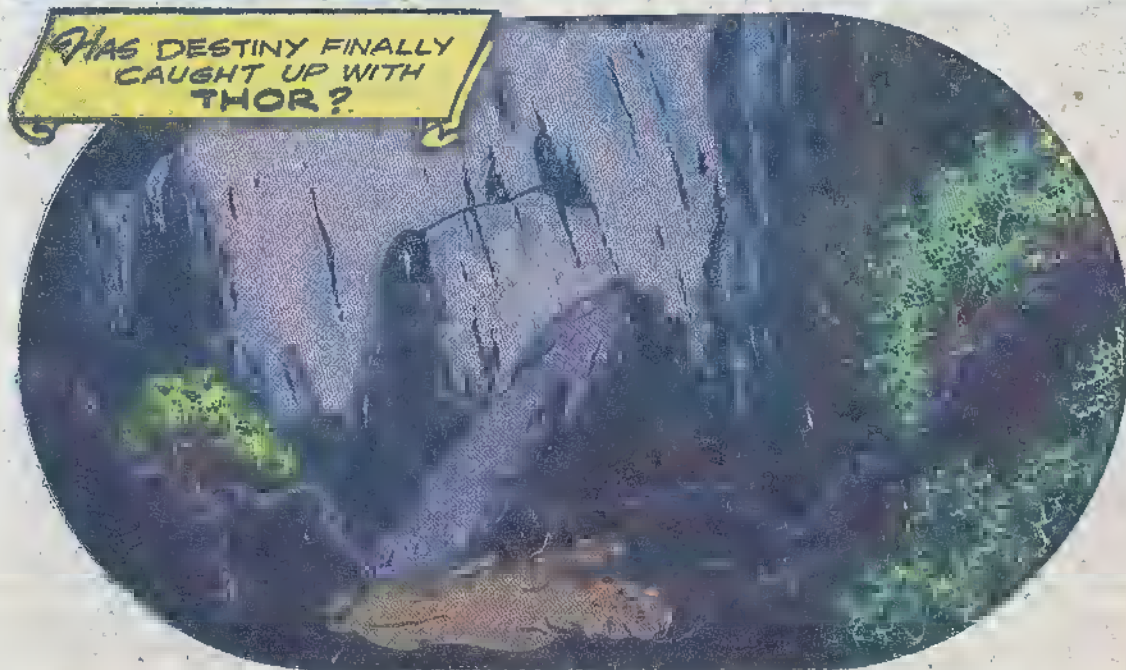
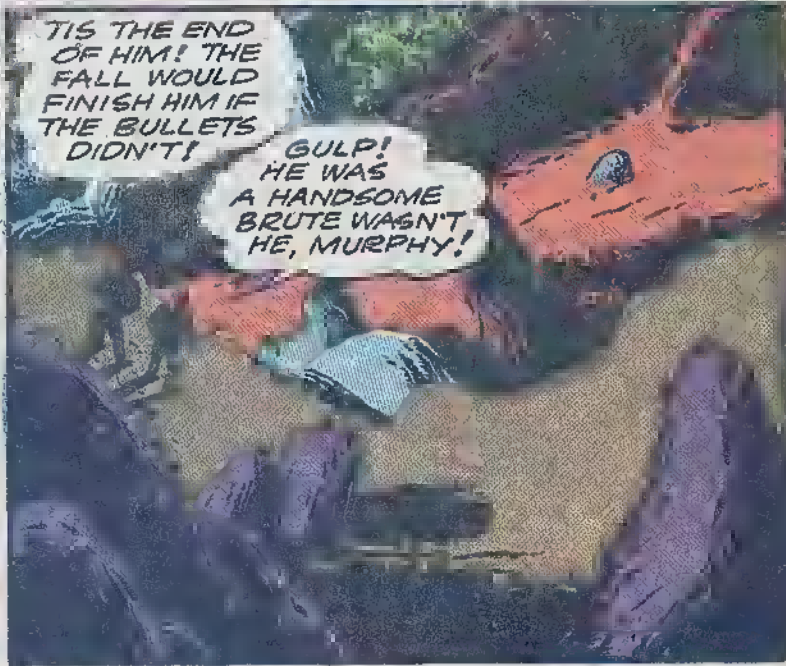
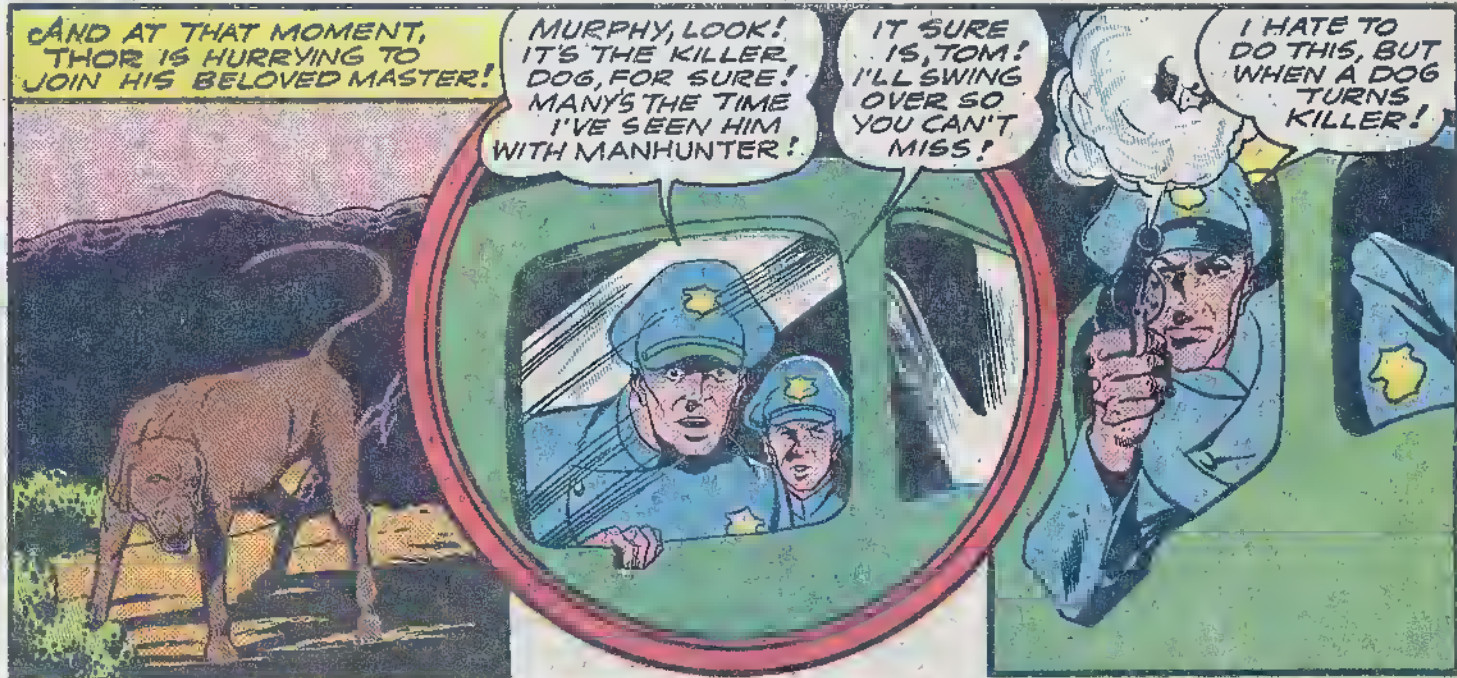
GRRR











BOSS, AIN'T YUH
SCARED MANHUNTER
MIGHT DOPE
OUT THE
FRAME-UP,
AND SMELL
US OUT?

SO WHAT?
I'D LIKE TO
SEE HIM
COME SNOOPING
AROUND HERE,
WHY I'D---

1-1-
GULP!

GO ON,
RICKER,
YOU'D
WHAT?

MAYBE YOU'D
SOCK HIM IN
THE JAW,
LIKE THIS!

OR MAYBE YOU'D
DUCK AND SLAM
IN A BODY PUNCH
LIKE THIS!

ZOCK!

NO, CHUM, HE'D
SNEAK UP AND
BAT YOUR BRAINS
OUT--LIKE THIS!

CRACK!

NOW THAT'S
WHAT I
LIKE ABOUT
YOU, MAX...
YOU'VE GOT
A SENSE OF
HUMOR WITH
A PUNCH!

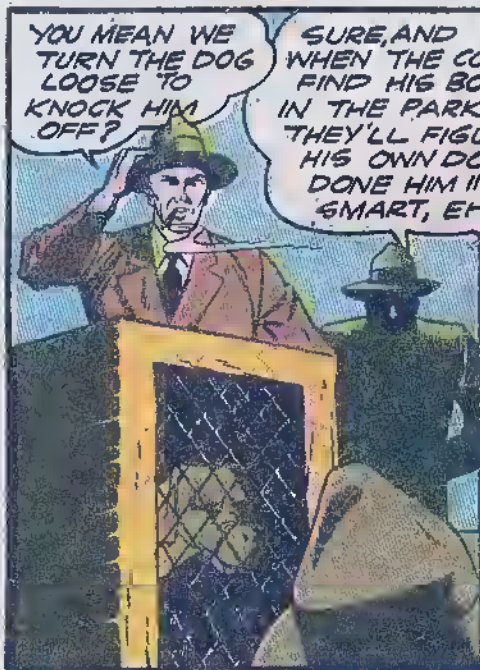
GAH! SO DID
MANHUNTER!

AIN'T
WE GONNA
KNOCK HIM
OFF RIGHT
AWAY, BOSS?

NOPE!

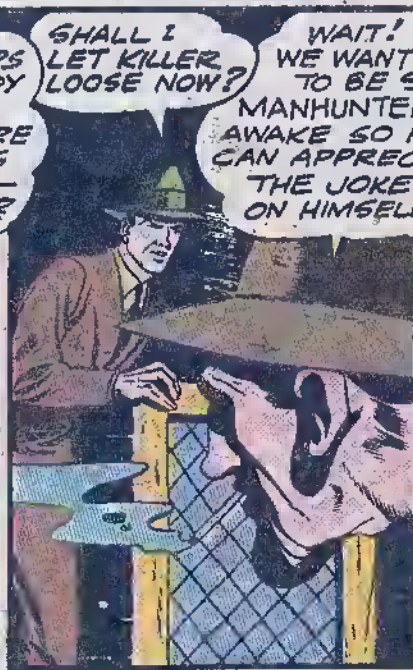
WE AIN'T!
BUT HIS
DOG IS,
CATCH ON?

HOT PUPS!
WHAT AN
IDEA!



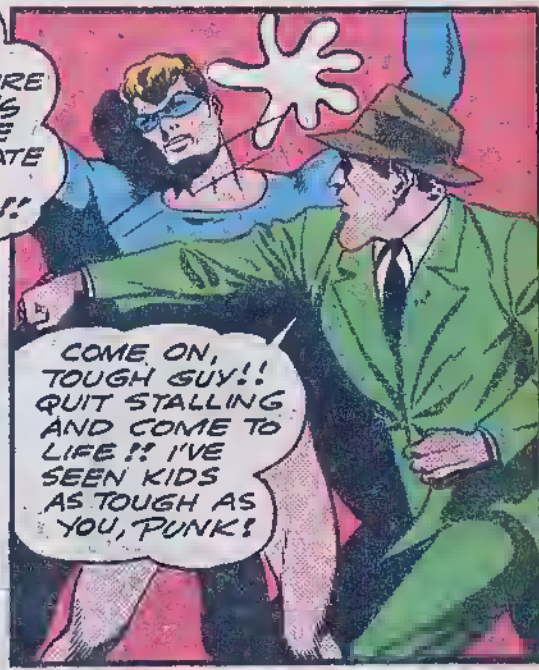
YOU MEAN WE
TURN THE DOG
LOOSE TO
KNOCK HIM
OFF?

SURE, AND
WHEN THE COPS
FIND HIS BODY
IN THE PARK,
THEY'LL FIGURE
HIS OWN DOG
DONE HIM IN—
SMART, EH?



SHALL I
LET KILLER
LOOSE NOW?

WAIT!
WE WANT
TO BE SURE
MANHUNTER'S
AWAKE SO HE
CAN APPRECIATE
THE JOKE
ON HIMSELF!!

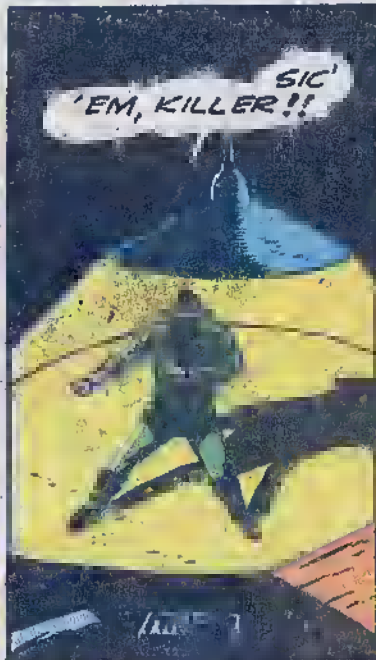


COME ON,
TOUGH GUY!!
QUIT STALLING
AND COME TO
LIFE!! I'VE
SEEN KIDS
AS TOUGH AS
YOU, PUNK!



AND I'VE SEEN
RATS AS PUNK
AS YOU, TOUGH!

OooFF!



SIC
'EM, KILLER!!



YAA-A!
TAKE HIM,
KILLER!

BYE-
BYE,
MANHUNTER!!

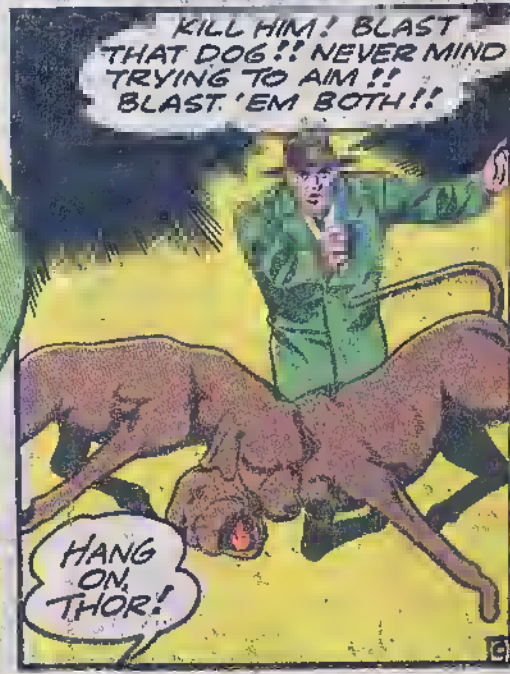


LIKE A BOLT OUT
OF THE BLUE...
THOR, DASHES THROUGH
THE WINDOW!



THOR!!
GOOD, OLD
THOR!

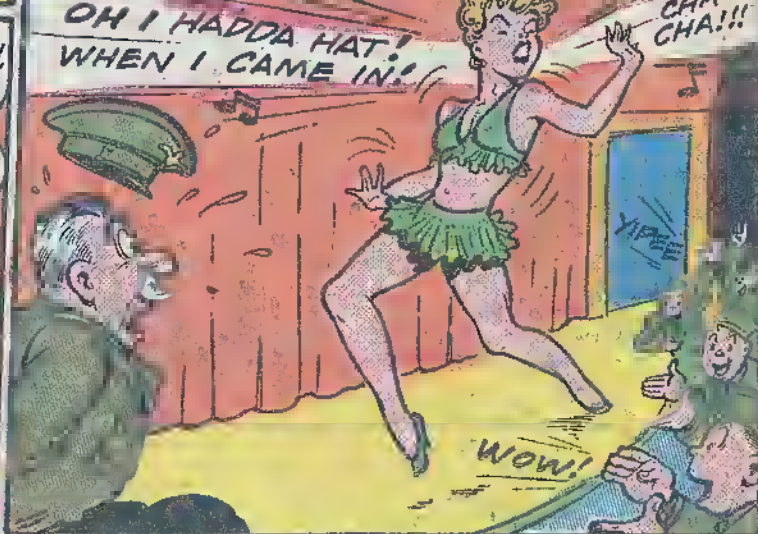
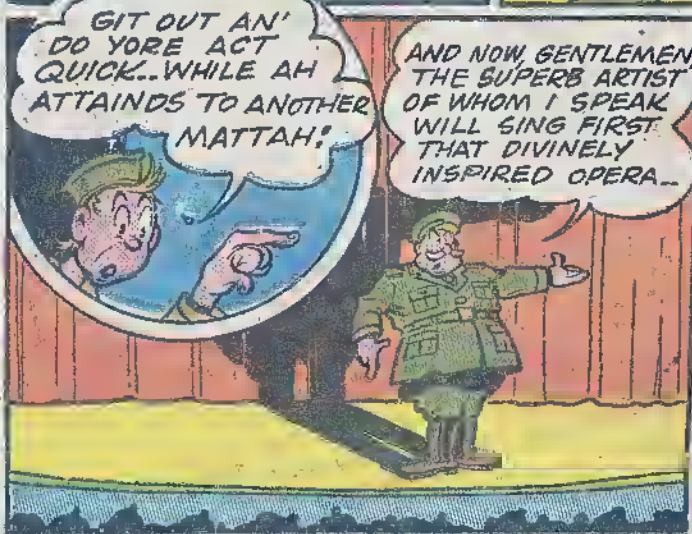
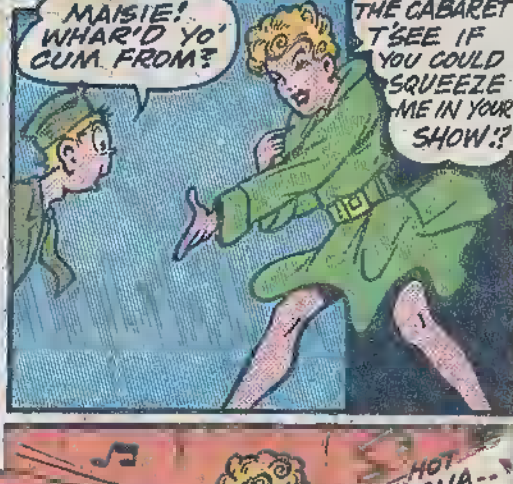
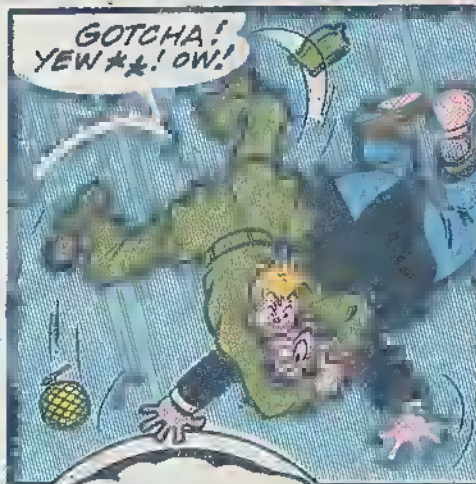
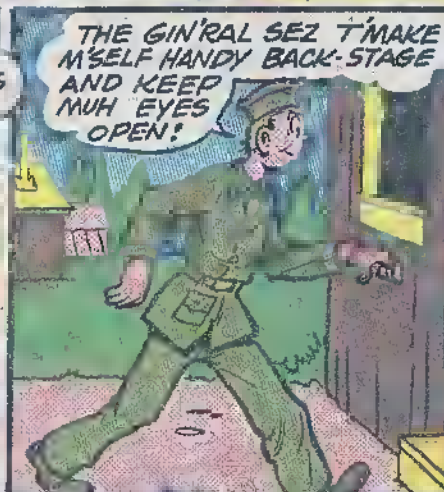
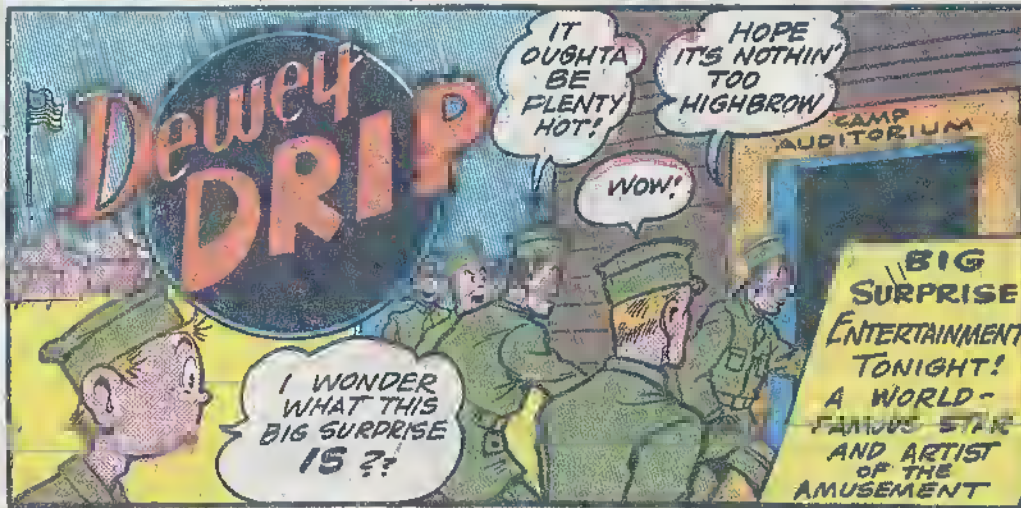
EEEEEEK!
HIS
DOG!



KILL HIM! BLAST
THAT DOG!! NEVER MIND
TRYING TO AIM!!
BLAST 'EM BOTH!!

HANG
ON,
THOR!





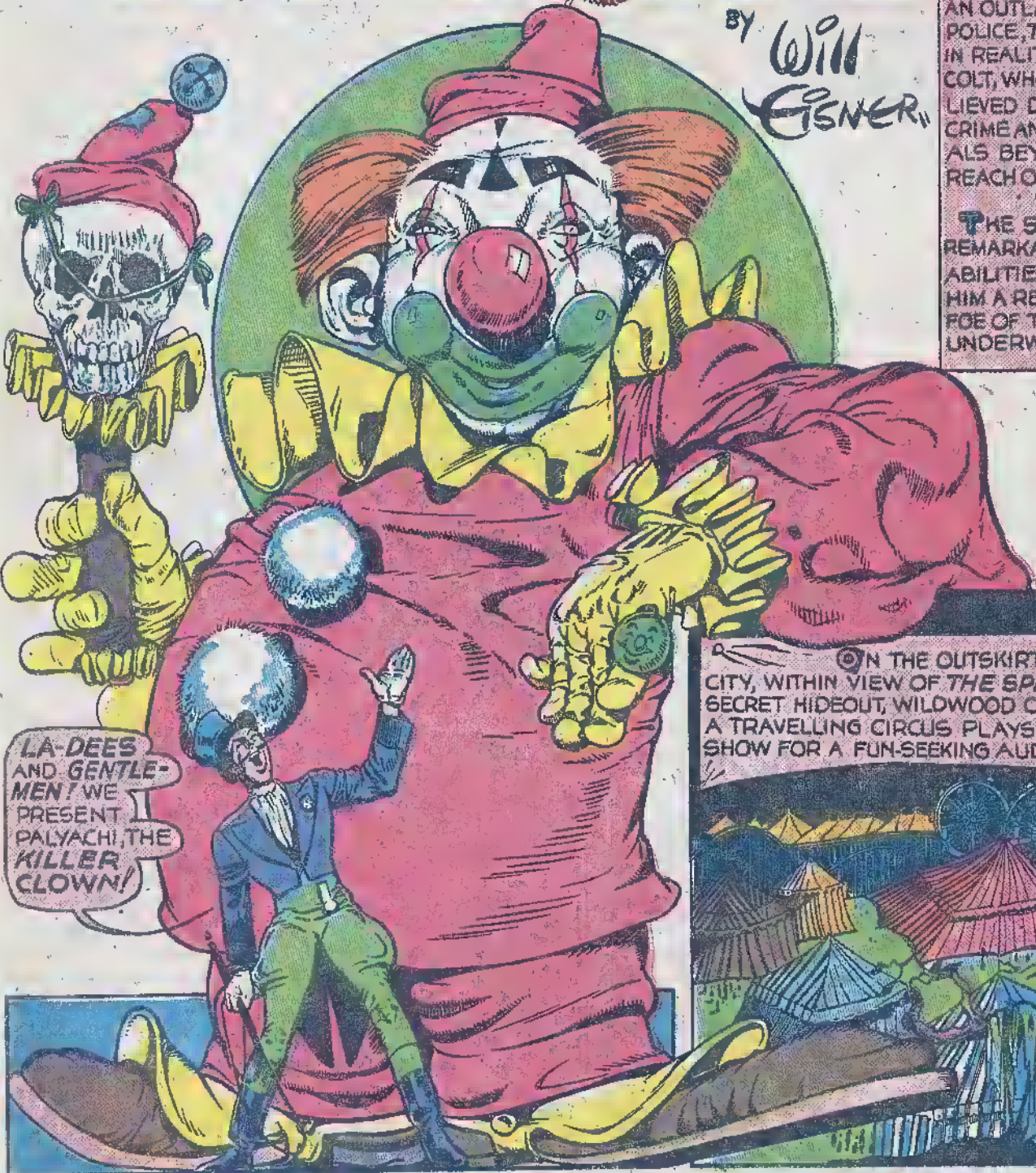
The SPIRIT



By *Will Eisner*

THOUGH BRANDED AN OUTLAW BY THE POLICE, THE SPIRIT, IN REALITY DENNY COLT, WHO IS BELIEVED DEAD, FIGHTS CRIME AND CRIMINALS BEYOND THE REACH OF THE LAW.

THE SPIRIT'S REMARKABLE ABILITIES MAKE HIM A RELENTLESS FOE OF THE UNDERWORLD....



LA-DEES AND GENTLEMEN! WE PRESENT DALYACHI, THE KILLER CLOWN!

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY, WITHIN VIEW OF THE SPIRIT'S SECRET HIDEOUT, WILDWOOD CEMETERY, A TRAVELLING CIRCUS PLAYS ITS GAUDY SHOW FOR A FUN-SEEKING AUDIENCE.



THE FIRST ACT IS ON. THE AUDIENCE IS CONVULSED WITH LAUGHTER.



AMUSED BY A CLOWN KNOWN AS Palyachi.

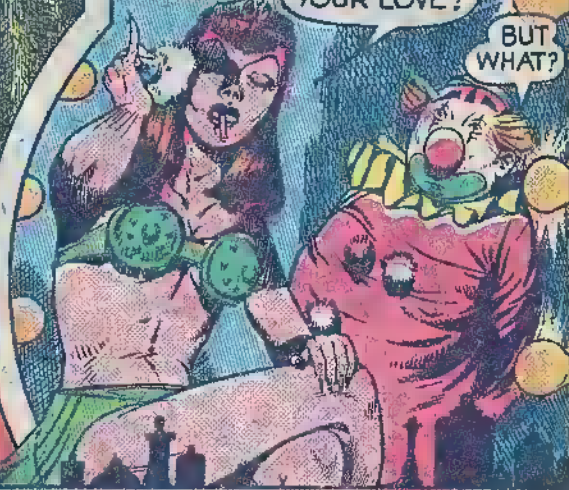


THE ACT OVER, LET US FOLLOW Palyachi, AS HE HEADS FOR A DRESSING ROOM MARKED WITH A STAR.



YES... SO WHAT? TO THEM YOU ARE A STUPID LITTLE CLOWN! MAKE SOMETHING OF YOURSELF... YOU WANT TO MARRY ME?? WELL, DO SOMETHING TO PROVE YOUR LOVE!

BUT WHAT?



MARKA, DID YOU HEAR THEM?

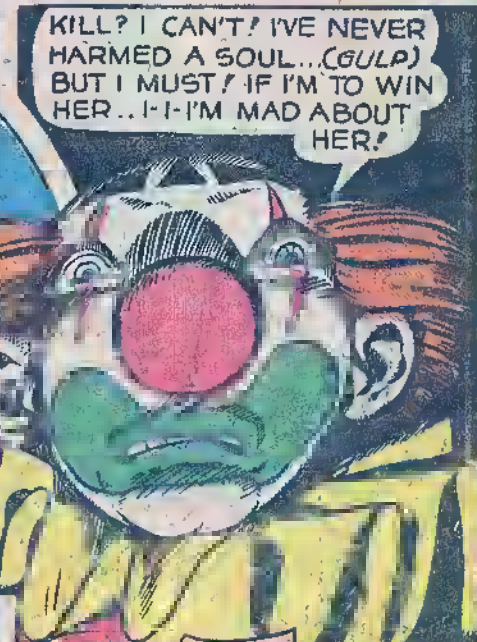


THERE! KILL FLIPO, THE TRAPEZE ARTIST! I HATE HIM!

KILL? NO! NO!



AFRAID?? BAH! COWARD! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! GO AHEAD! DO IT! REMEMBER, IF YOU LOVE ME...



KILL? I CAN'T! I'VE NEVER HARMED A SOUL... (GULP) BUT I MUST! IF I'M TO WIN HER... I-I-I'M MAD ABOUT HER!



LATER THAT NIGHT... THE FINAL ACT IS ANNOUNCED

INTRODUCING FLIPO, THE AERIAL ARTIST, WHO WILL DO FOUR FLIPS IN MID-AIR!

DRUMS ROLL IN ENDLESS THUNDER, AS FLIPO SWINGS FROM ONE SIDE OF THE HUGE TENT TO THE OTHER. AS HE NEARS ONE SIDE, HE SEES Palyachi HIDDEN IN THE RAFTERS.



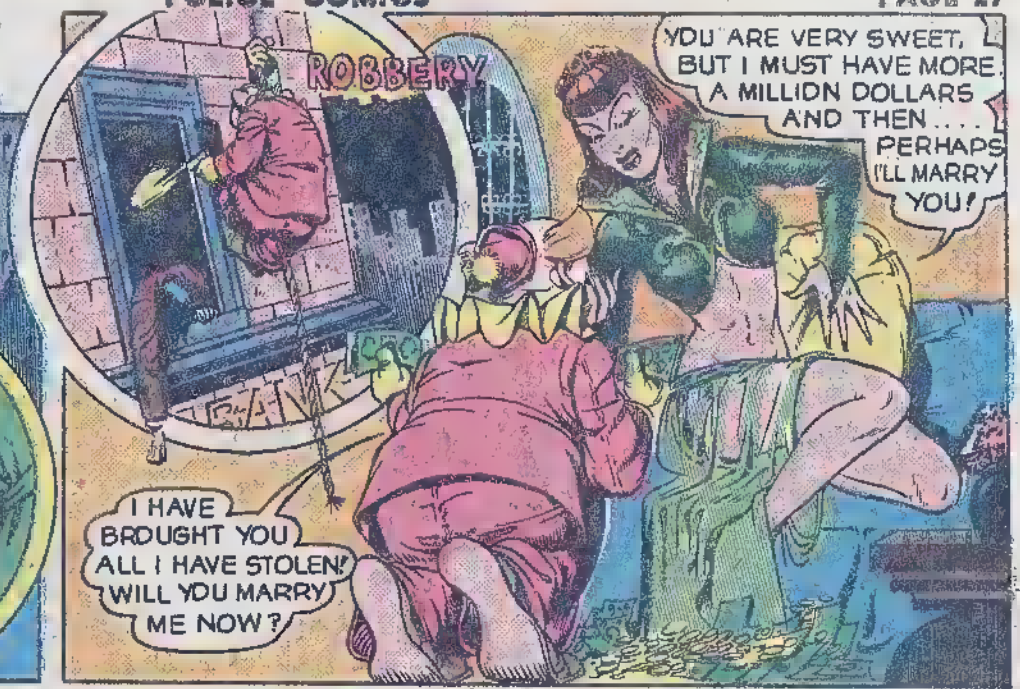
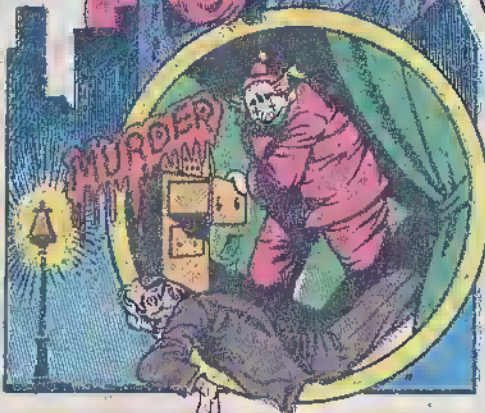
Palyachi!! DON'T

UNSEEN, Palyachi's KNIFE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, AND A MAN IS MURDERED BEFORE THE EYES OF TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE.

DEAD!! A KNIFE IN HIS CHEST! BUT NO ONE WAS NEAR HIM! HOW IS IT POSSIBLE?



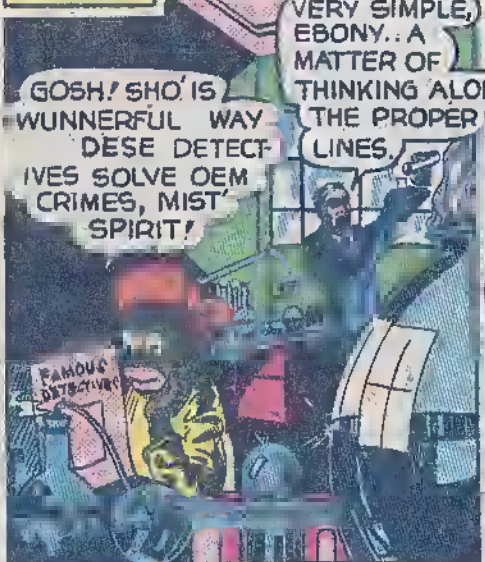
THE DESIRE TO KILL IS NOW STRONG WITHIN PALLYACHI THE CLOWN...AND THE NEXT NIGHT A KILLER CLOWN STALKS THE STREETS.



YOU ARE VERY SWEET, BUT I MUST HAVE MORE. A MILLION DOLLARS AND THEN... PERHAPS I'LL MARRY YOU!

I HAVE BROUGHT YOU ALL I HAVE STOLEN! WILL YOU MARRY ME NOW?

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY IN THE SPIRIT'S UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT.



GOSH! SHO' IS WUNNERFUL WAY DESE DETECTIVES SOLVE OEM CRIMES, MIST SPIRIT!

VERY SIMPLE, EBONY...A MATTER OF THINKING ALONG THE PROPER LINES.

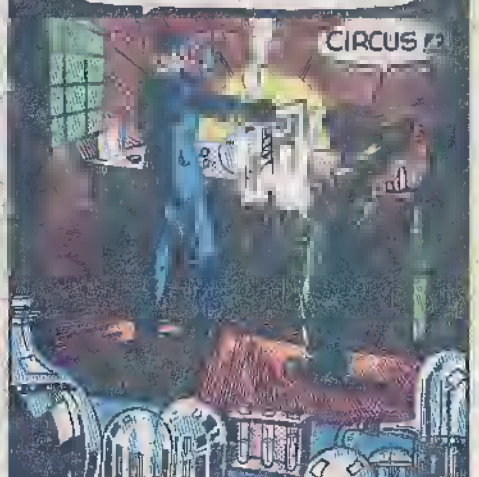
YEAH? I S'POSE YOU COULD SOLVE DE KILLIN' IN DIS MAWNIN'S PAPER. JES' LIKE SHERLOCK HOLMES USTA DO?

LET ME SEE... HMM RESIN

POLICE BAFFLED
LATEST IN SERIES
OF CLUELESS RIMES!

Bank clerk murdered. No clues. Save a bit of powdered resin... Police believe clue to be unimportant.

THAT'S AN EASY ONE. THE RESIN DUST INDICATES SOME SORT OF CIRCUS PERFORMER. IT HELPS THEM GRIP ROPE MORE FIRMLY. THE KILLER IS A CIRCUS PERFORMER!



SAY, MR. SPIRIT, DEY'S BEEN A CIRCUS NEAR HERE FO' DAYS! I AIN'T NOTICED BEFO'!

WHAT? THAT'S A HUNCH! BY JOVE! I THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK!



THE CIRCUS IS CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT AS THE SPIRIT HEADS DOWN THE DESERTED MIDWAY.



NOW, LET'S SEE, I'LL PLAY ANOTHER HUNCH, AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE LADIES' DRESSING ROOMS FIRST!



THIS MUST BE THE STAR'S ROOM... HOLY SMOKE! JEWELRY AND MONEY! ODD FOR A CIRCUS PERFORMER TO BE SO WEALTHY!

NEED ANY HELP, COPPER?



AH... CORRECTION. I AM NOT A POLICEMAN... I AM THE SPIRIT!

OH... I'VE HEARD OF YOU!



QUITE AN INTERESTING COLLECTION OF JEWELRY YOU HAVE! I'LL WAGER THEY ALL FIT THE DESCRIPTION OF THOSE STOLEN LAST NIGHT... **COME CLEAN!**

WELL... YES... THEY ARE! SO WHAT?

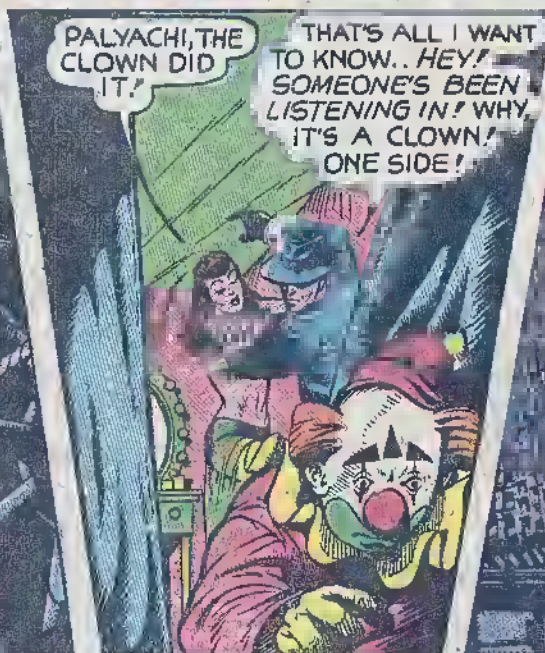


I DIDN'T DO IT, BUT I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU. I'M ANXIOUS TO GET RID OF PALLYACHI ANY-
HOW!



SO I'LL TELL YOU WHO DID IT.. TURN HIM OVER TO THE COPS AND THEN YOU AND I CAN GO INTO PARTNERSHIP.. YOU'RE PRETTY CLEVER AND HANDSOME TOO.

WHO?



PALLYACHI, THE CLOWN DID IT!

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW.. HEY! SOMEONE'S BEEN LISTENING IN! WHY, IT'S A CLOWN! ONE SIDE!

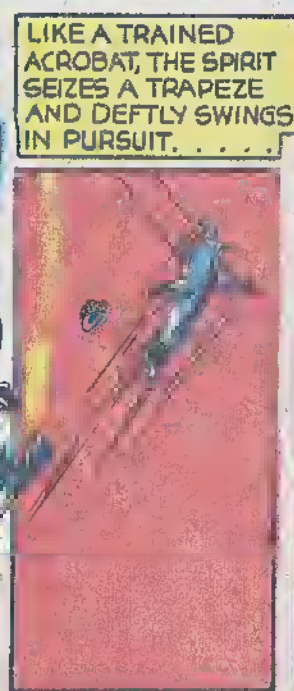


STREAKING IN PURSUIT, THE SPIRIT GAINS RAPIDLY ON THE CLOWN.

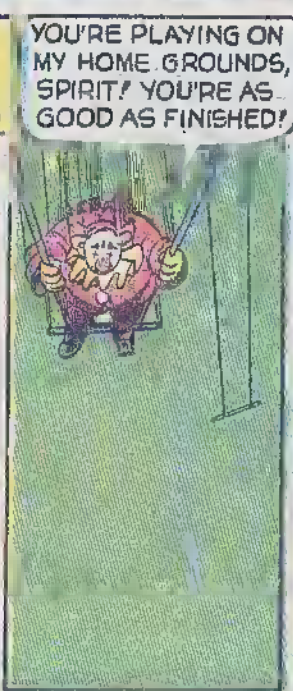


BUT

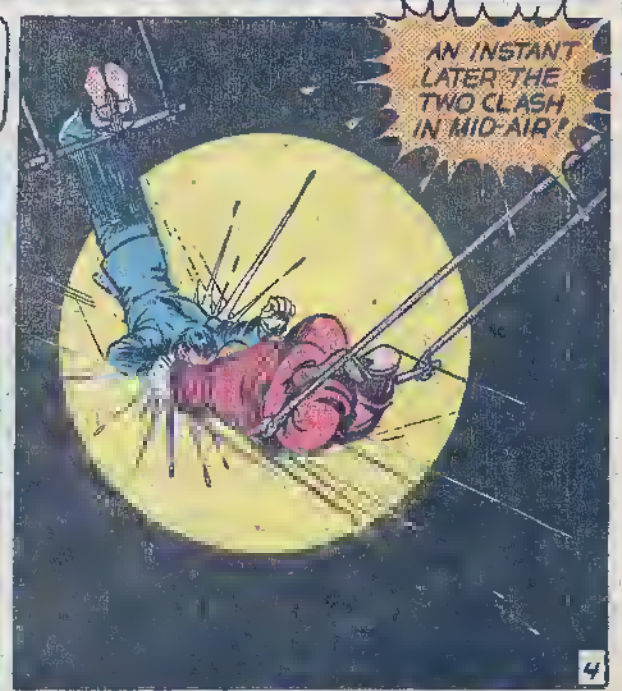
OH! SO THERE YOU ARE! LOST YOU FOR A MOMENT!



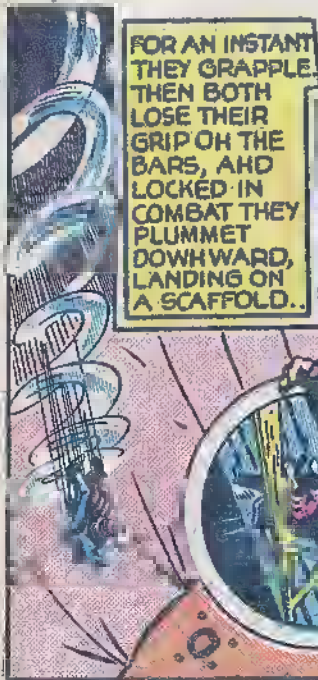
LIKE A TRAINED ACROBAT, THE SPIRIT SEIZES A TRAPEZE AND DEFTLY SWINGS IN PURSUIT.



YOU'RE PLAYING ON MY HOME GROUNDS, SPIRIT! YOU'RE AS GOOD AS FINISHED!



AN INSTANT LATER THE TWO CLASH IN MID-AIR!

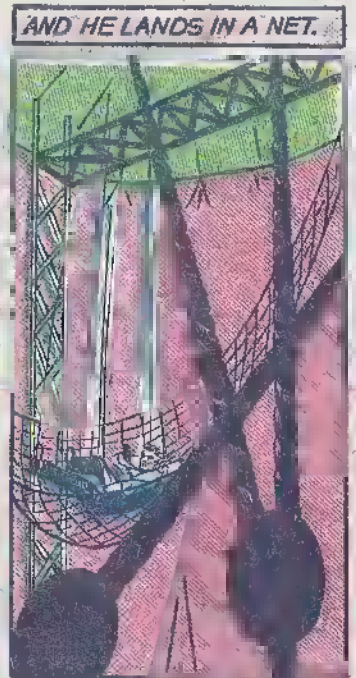


FOR AN INSTANT THEY GRAPPLE. THEN BOTH LOSE THEIR GRIP ON THE BARS, AND LOCKED IN COMBAT THEY PLUMMET DOWNWARD, LANDING ON A SCAFFOLD..

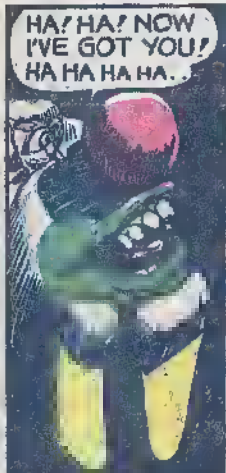
BUT THE SPIRIT REGAINS HIS FEET INSTANTLY. A DYNAMITE LEFT SENDS THE CLOWN CRASHING INTO THE SUPPORTS. THE BOARDS COLLAPSE ON THE SPIRIT.



THROWING HIM OFF..



AND HE LANDS IN A NET.



HA! HA! NOW I'VE GOT YOU! HA HA HA HA..

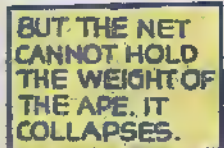


THE CLOWN STAGGERS TO A CAGE HIGH IN THE RAFTERS.

HA! HA! COME, JOCOPO! I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU.. HA HA! THEY PUT YOU UP HERE BECAUSE YOU KILL MEH.. WELL NOW I FREE YOU!



THERE HE IS, GET HIM!

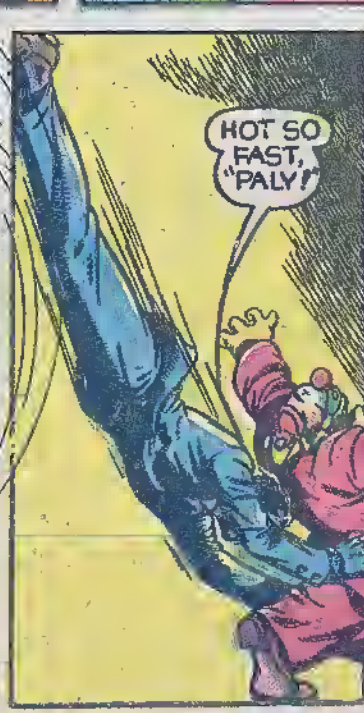


BUT THE NET CANNOT HOLD THE WEIGHT OF THE APE. IT COLLAPSES.



THE SPIRIT NIMBLY CATCHES A TRAPEZE BAR AND WHIRLS.

OH OH! THERE'S THE CLOWN TRYING TO ESCAPE!

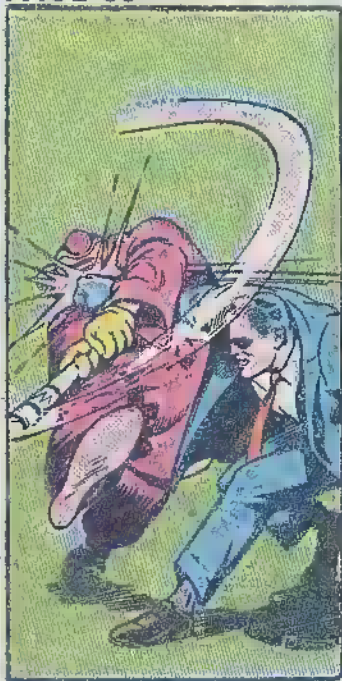


HOT SO FAST, "PALY!"

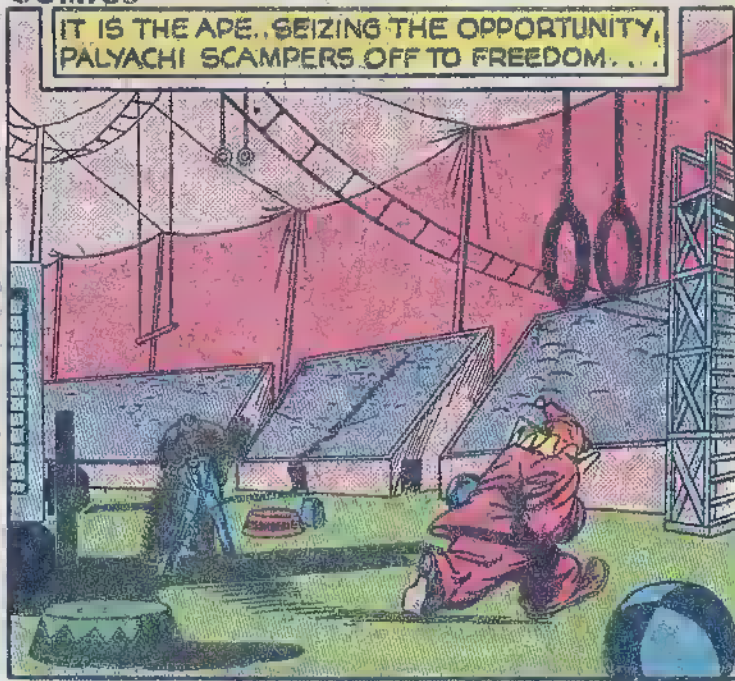
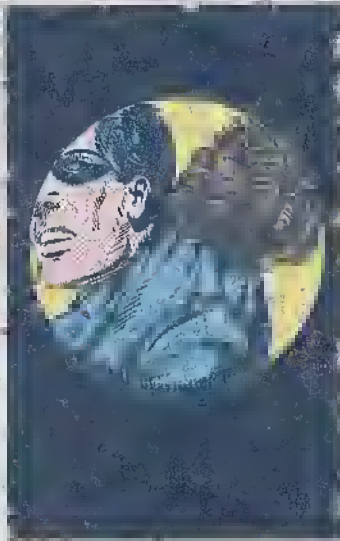


WITH THE TIMING OF A TRIP HAMMER, THE SPIRIT PUMPS BLOW AFTER BLOW INTO THE KILLER CLOWN..

FIRST, I'M GOING TO BEAT YOU INTO THE PROPER FRAME OF MIND! THEN I'LL PRESENT YOU TO POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN!



SUDDENLY A POWERFUL PAW CLOSES ABOUT THE SPIRIT'S COLLAR IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP.



IT IS THE APE. SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY, PALLYACHI SCAMPERS OFF TO FREEDOM...

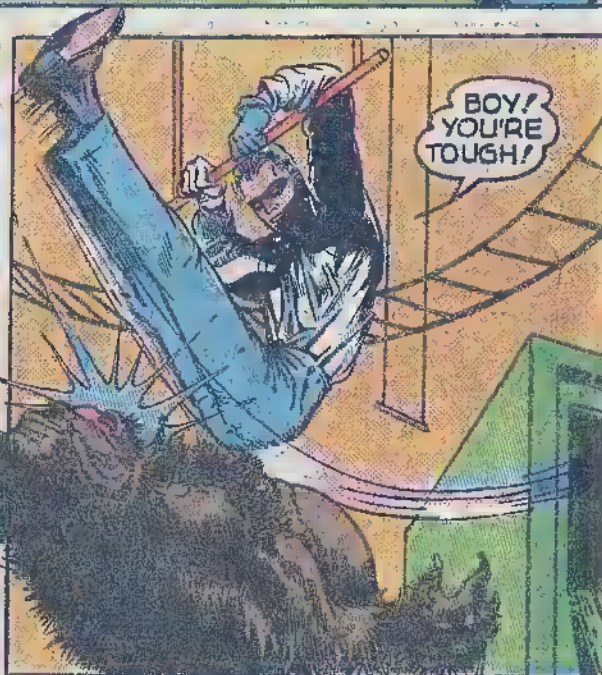
IN A FLASH, THE SPIRIT IS OUT OF HIS COAT



HOLD MY COAT, MR APE!



THANKS!



BOY! YOU'RE TOUGH!

THE APE RAISES HIS ARM AND BRINGS IT DOWN IN A MURDEROUS SWIPE BY A HAIR'S BREADTH, THE SPIRIT ESCAPES INSTANT DEATH...



THE MONSTER STAGGERS THE BLOWS OF THE SPIRIT AT LAST TAKE EFFECT. WITH A GROAN THE APE SINKS TO THE SAWDUST



GOLLY! THAT WAS CLOSE!

MEANWHILE, IN HER DRESSING ROOM, MARKA AWAITS THE RETURN OF THE SPIRIT.



AH! THERE HE IS NOW. COME IN!



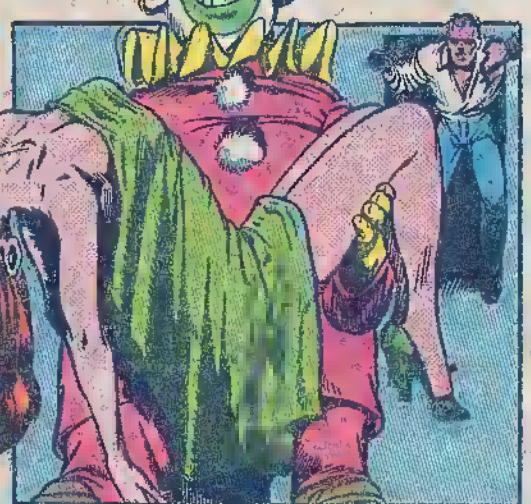
Y-YOU? PALLYACHI!



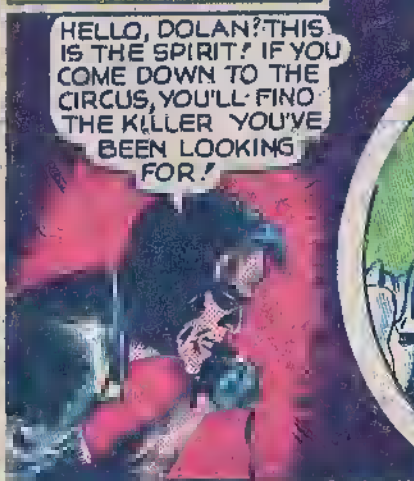
SUDDENLY THE PLEADING IS
CUT SHORT... A HORRIBLE
SILENCE IS PUNCTUATED BY
AN AWFUL GASP.



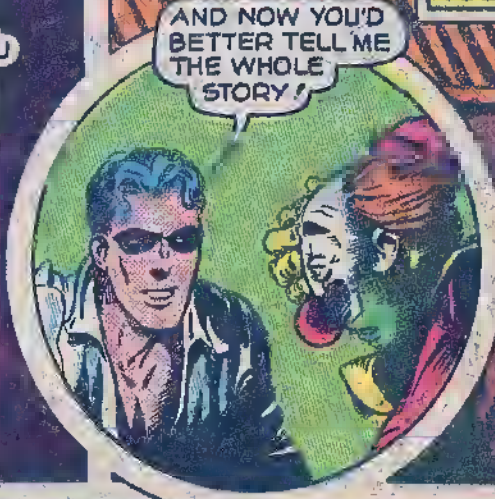
THEN AFTER A MOMENT, THE LITTLE
MAD CLOWN LIFTS HIS FACE IN A
LAUGHTER SO BLOOD-CURDLING
THAT IT MAKES
THE SPIRIT FREEZE
IN HORROR.



THE SPIRIT LEAPS TO A
NEARBY TELEPHONE.



AND NOW YOU'D
BETTER TELL ME
THE WHOLE
STORY!

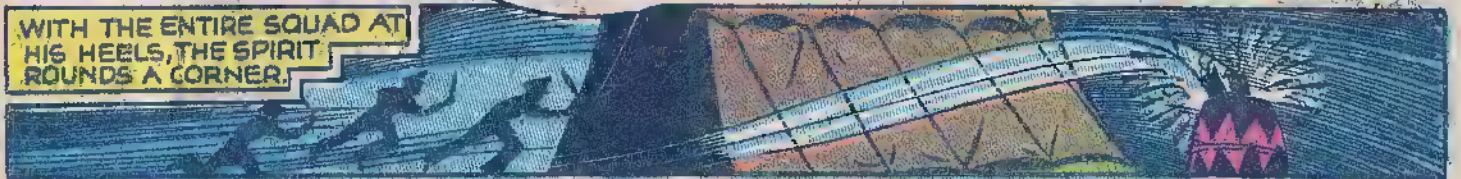


MEANWHILE, COMMISSIONER DOLAN ARRIVES WITH
A SQUAD OF POLICE.

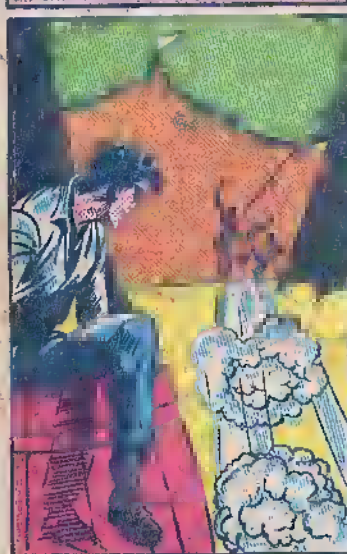
SURROUND THE
PLACE! NO! LOOK.
THERE GOES THE
SPIRIT! NAB
HIM!



WITH THE ENTIRE SQUAD AT
HIS HEELS, THE SPIRIT
ROUNDS A CORNER.



A MOMENT LATER.



I KILLED
HER! HA
HA-HA!

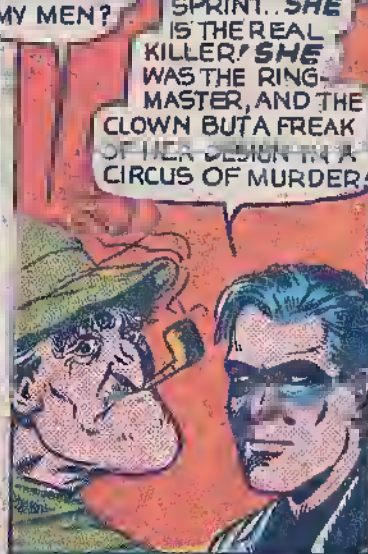
WAIT,
DOLAN!

YOU'LL
GET
THE
CHAIR
FOR THIS!

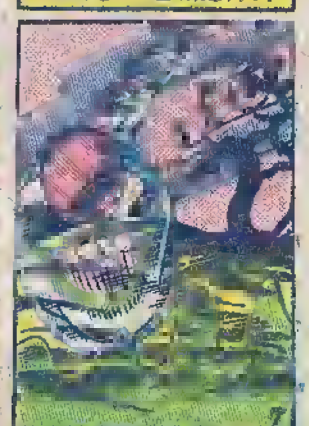


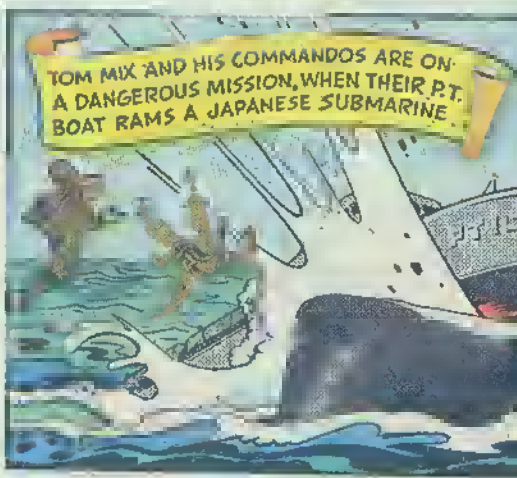
WHERE ARE
MY MEN?

OFF ON A LITTLE
SPRINT... SHE
IS THE REAL
KILLER! SHE
WAS THE RING-
MASTER, AND THE
CLOWN BUT A FREAK
OF HER DESIGN IN A
CIRCUS OF MURDER!



...AND AS ANOTHER
PEAL OF MAD
LAUGHTER SHAKES
THE CLOWN, THE
SPIRIT VANISHES
INTO THE MIST...

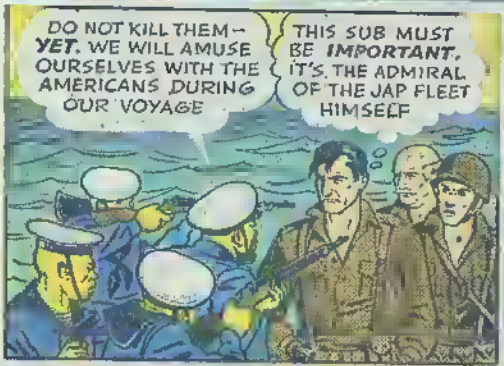




TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS ARE ON A DANGEROUS MISSION, WHEN THEIR P.T. BOAT RAMS A JAPANESE SUBMARINE.

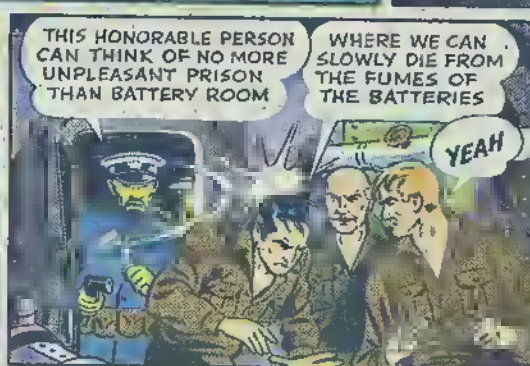
TOM MIX COMICS BOOK FREE!

SEND NO MONEY JUST ONE BOX TOP



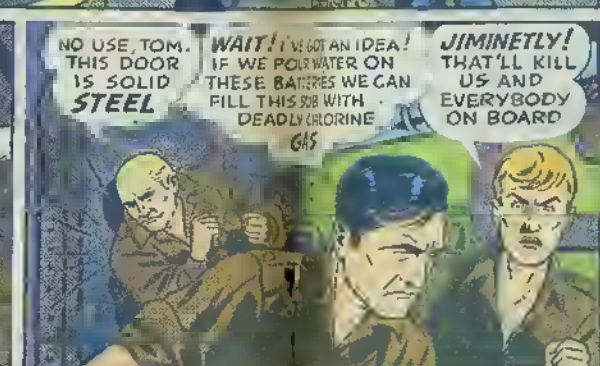
DO NOT KILL THEM—YET. WE WILL AMUSE OURSELVES WITH THE AMERICANS DURING OUR VOYAGE.

THIS SUB MUST BE IMPORTANT. IT'S THE ADMIRAL OF THE JAP FLEET HIMSELF.



THIS HONORABLE PERSON CAN THINK OF NO MORE UNPLEASANT PRISON THAN BATTERY ROOM.

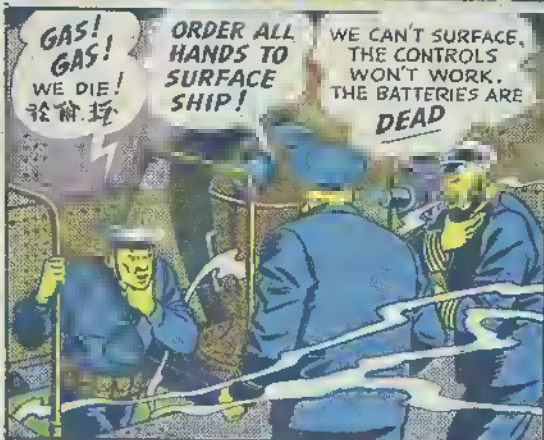
WHERE WE CAN SLOWLY DIE FROM THE FUMES OF THE BATTERIES.



NO USE, TOM. THIS DOOR IS SOLID STEEL.

WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! IF WE POUR WATER ON THESE BATTERIES WE CAN FILL THIS SUB WITH DEADLY CHLORINE GAS.

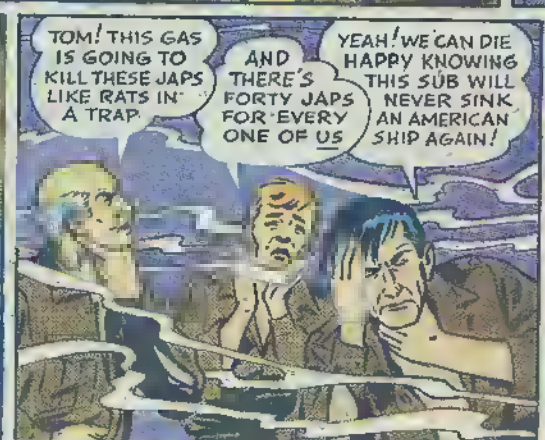
JIMINETY! THAT'LL KILL US AND EVERYBODY ON BOARD.



GAS! GAS! WE DIE!

ORDER ALL HANDS TO SURFACE SHIP!

WE CAN'T SURFACE, THE CONTROLS WON'T WORK. THE BATTERIES ARE DEAD.



TOM! THIS GAS IS GOING TO KILL THESE JAPS LIKE RATS IN A TRAP.

AND THERE'S FORTY JAPS FOR EVERY ONE OF US.

YEAH! WE CAN DIE HAPPY KNOWING THIS SUB WILL NEVER SINK AN AMERICAN SHIP AGAIN!

IS THIS THE END OF TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS?

Trapped in a stricken submarine—choked by chlorine gas—they face certain death. Can some miracle save them? Read the breath-taking climax to this sensational story in the Tom Mix Comics Book.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

In addition to thrill-packed Commando Comics, this big book contains four unusual full length feature comics—cells secrets every Tom Mix Commando should know! HURRY! MAIL COUPON FOR YOUR FREE COPY TODAY.

TOM MIX COMMANDOS COMICS
OFFICIAL PUBLICATION of the TOM MIX RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS

- TOM MIX COMMANDOS
- ADVENTURES OF UNCLE AMOS
- JANE AT DREAM CASTLE
- SPEED O'DARE - NAVY PILOT
- L'I' INJUN
- COMMANDO SECRETS

LOOK!
5 BIG COMICS IN FULL COLOR

BRAND NEW NOT FOR SALE ANYWHERE

You Serve Uncle Sam When You Serve These Ralston Whole Grain Cereals

THEY'RE THE KIND OF CEREALS THAT ARE BRINGING WARMTH AND VIGOR TO OUR FIGHTING MEN

THEY'RE HELPING WAR WORKERS FIGHT FATIGUE (they're extra rich in vitamin B1)

THEY'RE GIVING YOUNG AMERICA COWBOY ENERGY



INSTANT RALSTON An amazing new hot whole wheat cereal that needs no cooking. Just stir into boiling water or milk and serve. A delicious warm-up build-up breakfast for all the family. Burst of energy.

RALSTON WHOLE WHEAT CEREAL a family favorite for over 40 years. Cooks in 5 minutes.

Uncle Sam says "eat whole grain cereals" and both Instant Ralston and Ralston are whole grain. Both are whole wheat, extra rich in vitamin B1. Take your choice.



MAIL THIS COUPON

TOM MIX, 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Tom:
I enclose one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me your big Commandos Comic Book free!

Name _____

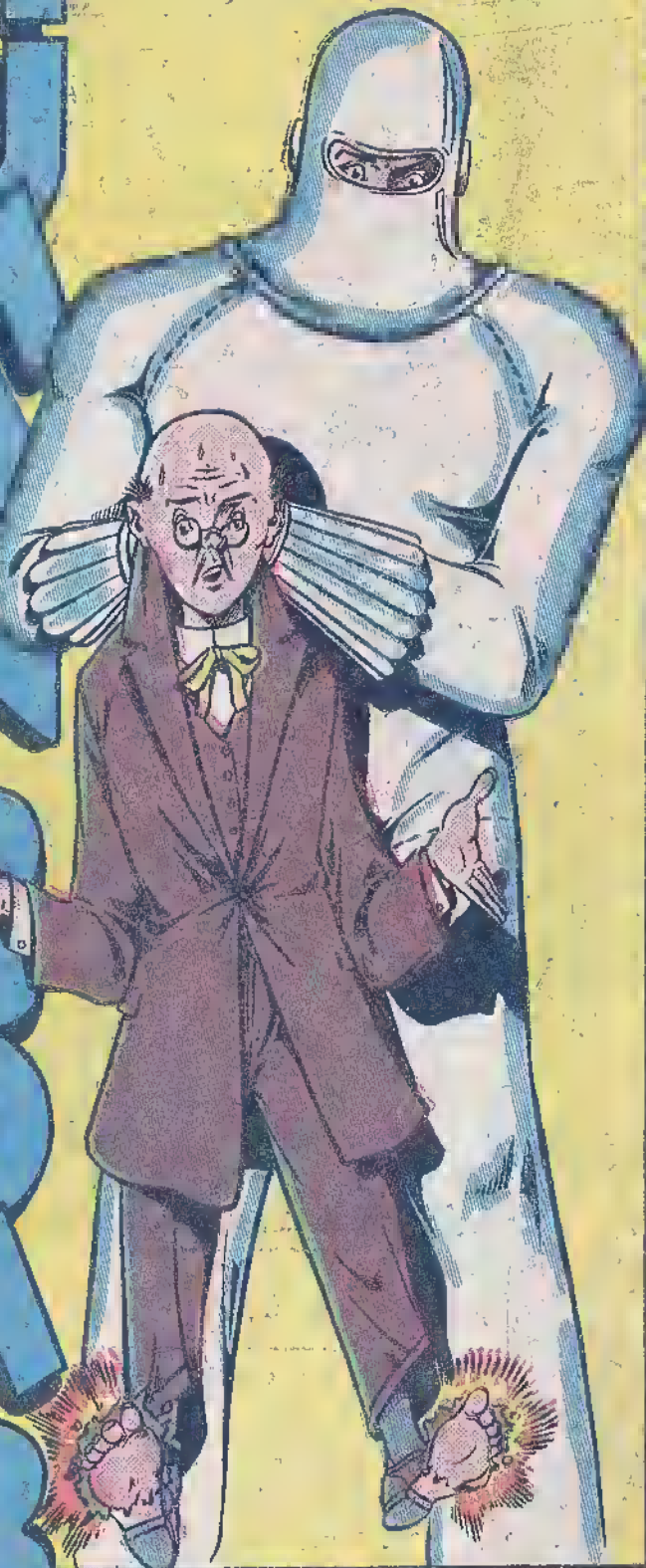
Address _____

City _____ State _____

IMPORTANT: If you have no coupon you can get the Tom Mix COMMANDOS COMICS Book anyway. Simply send one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top with your name and address to 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo. This offer expires January 1, 1943.

I'LL BE HANGED
IF I KNOW WHAT TO
DO WITH YOU ??

THE
HUMAN
BOMB



"ER... FOLKS... THIS FELLA HOLDING ME
UP IS ROY LINCOLN... OR PERHAPS YOU
KNOW HIM BETTER AS THE HUMAN BOMB!
WELL, LAST MONTH, WE HAD QUITE A MIX UP... HE
HAD TO GIVE ME A BLOOD-TRANSFUSION TO SAVE MY
LIFE... AND BECAUSE OF IT, I GOT THE SAME TROUBLE
AS HE HAS IN HIS HANDS! THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS
THAT EVERYTHING MY FEET TOUCH BLOWS UP!

WHY ARE YOU SO
SQUEAMISH ABOUT
GOING TO MY
CANTEEN'S
SERVICE
DANCE?

THE WOLVES....
IN ARMY
UNIFORMS!



OH, ROY- YOU'RE BEING VERY
UN-PATRIOTIC... AND...
JEALOUS!

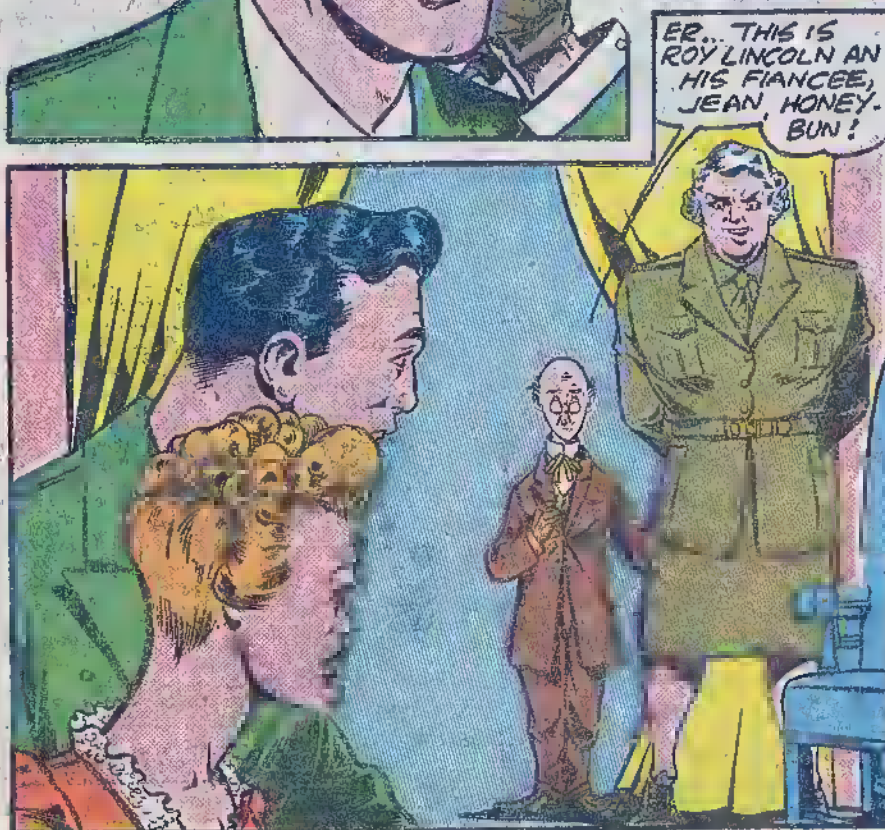
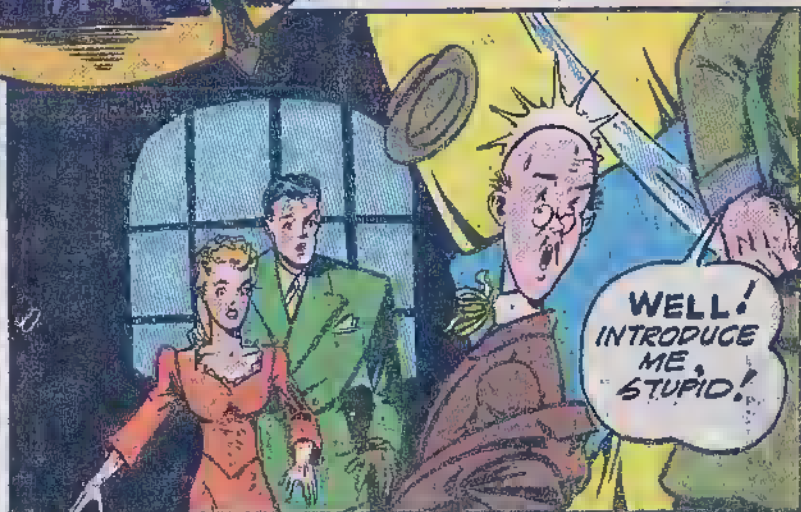
UH-UH-
JUST
CAUTIOUS!

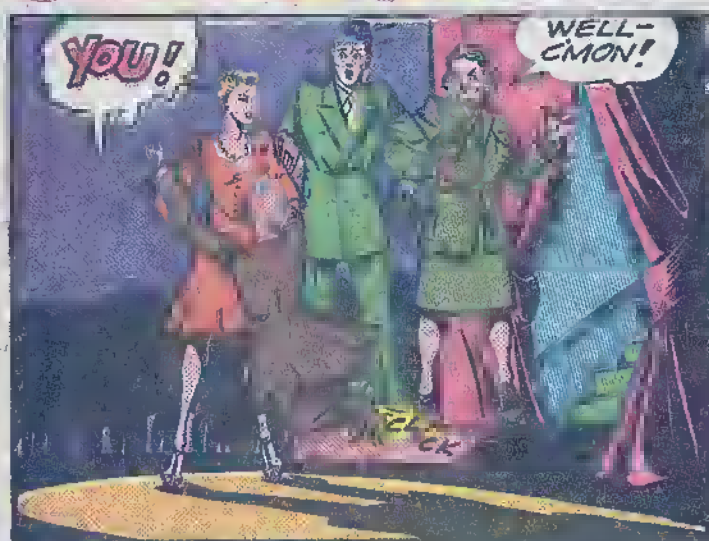
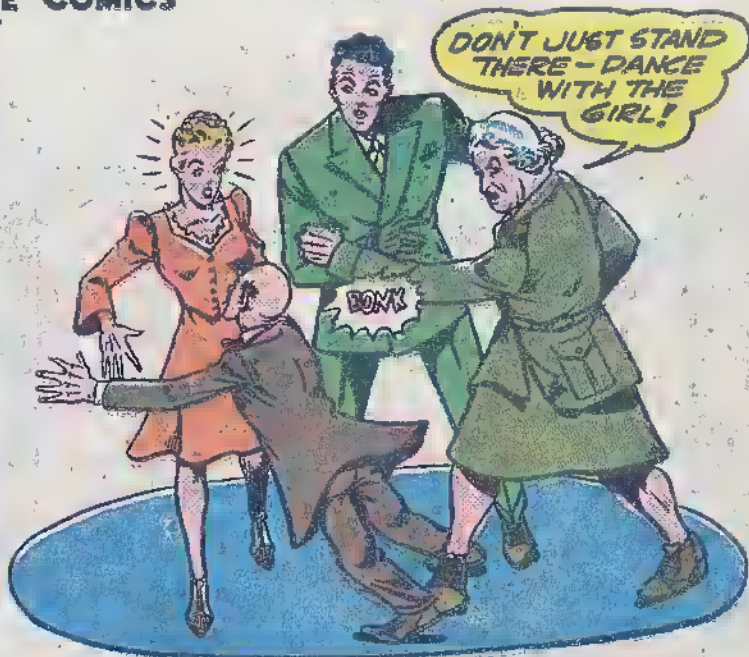
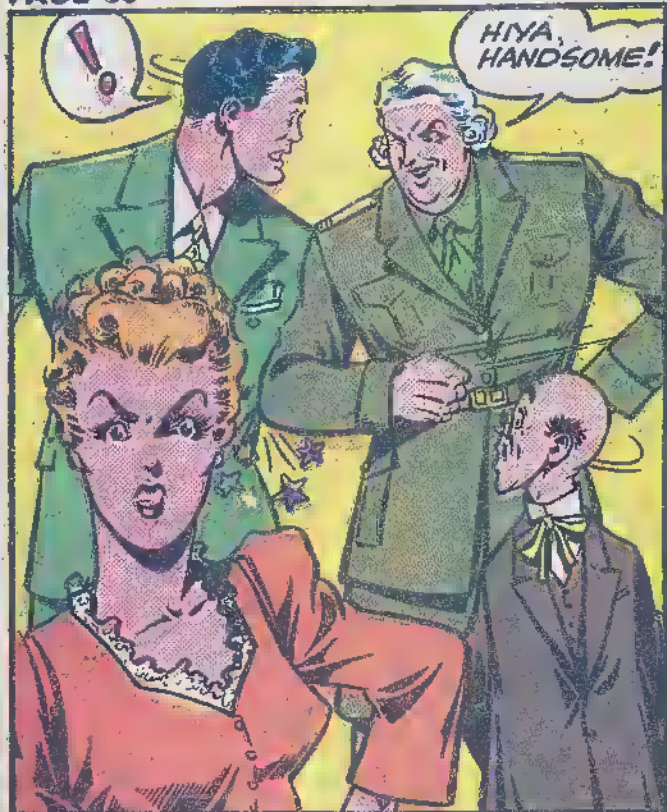


DON'T BE SILLY, THESE
BOYS JUST
WANT TO BE
FRIENDLY!

YOU SAID IT!

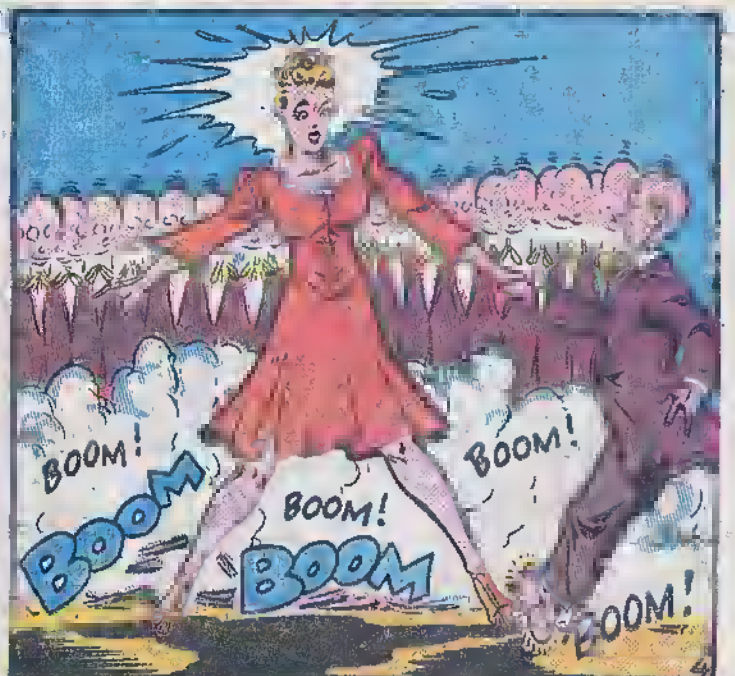
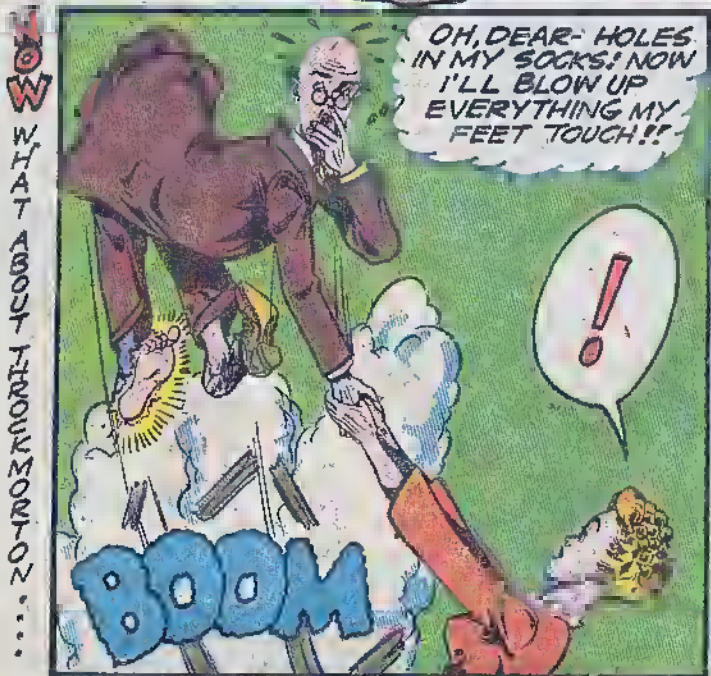
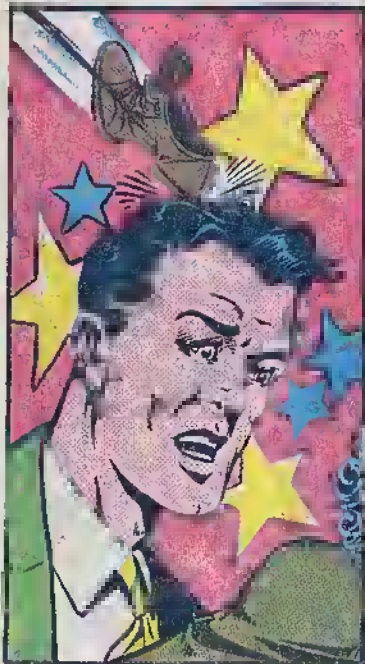
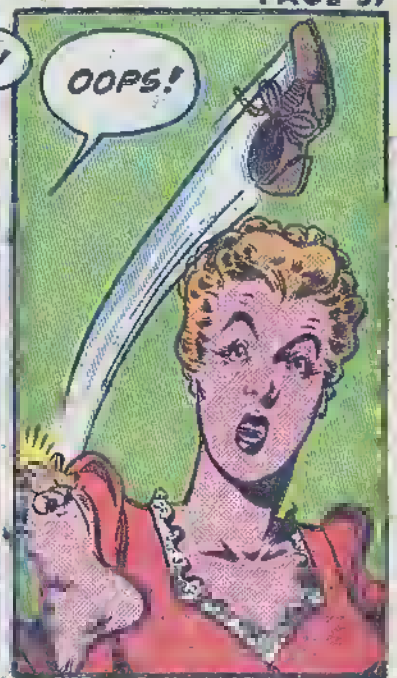




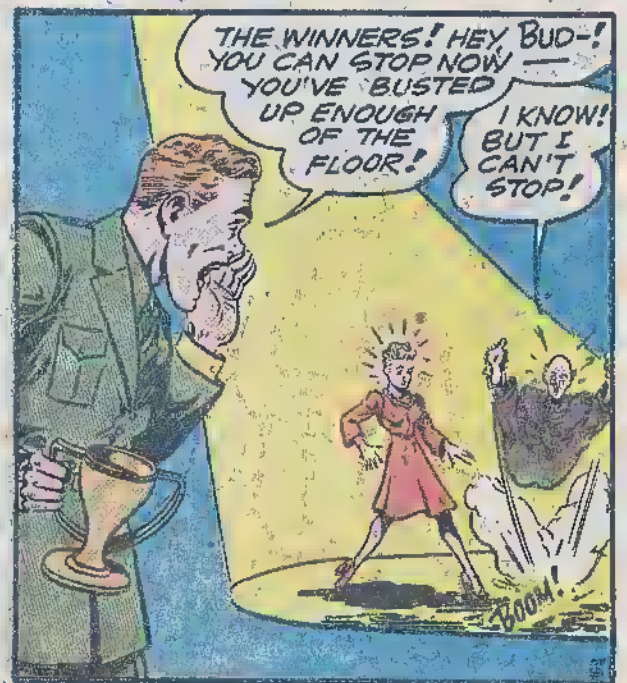
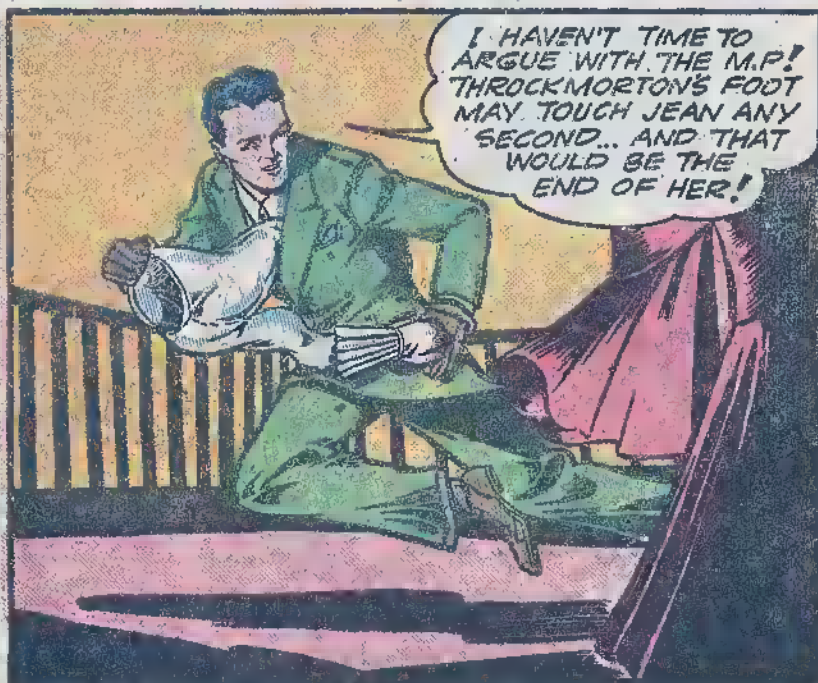
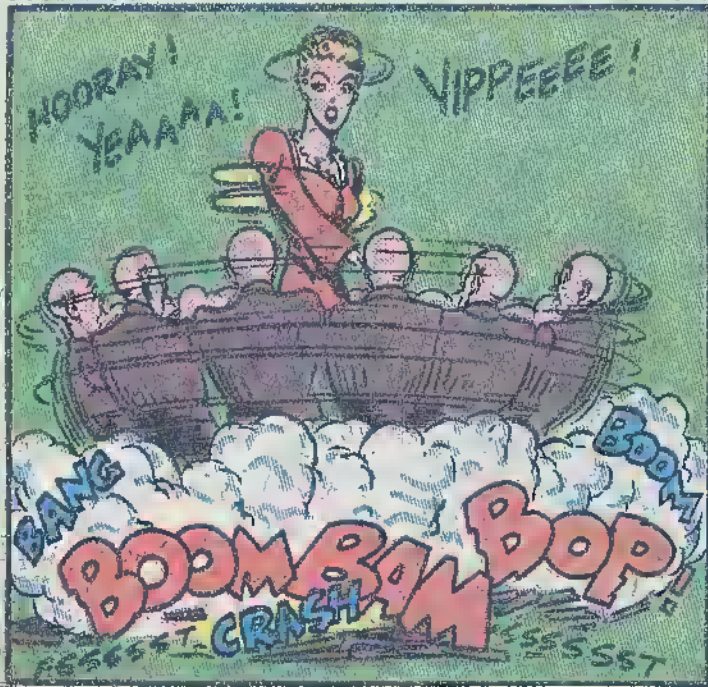


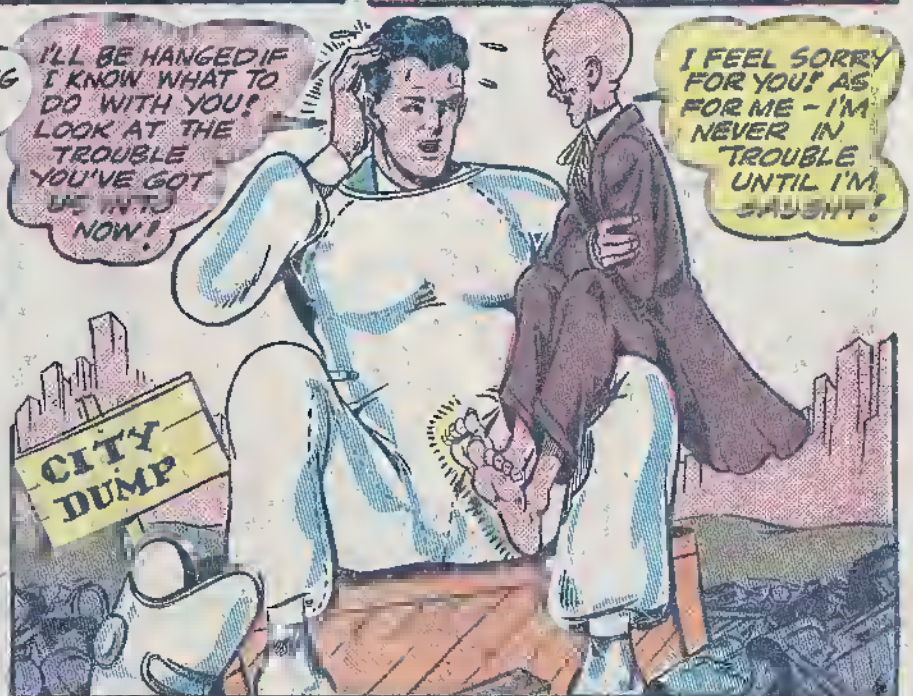
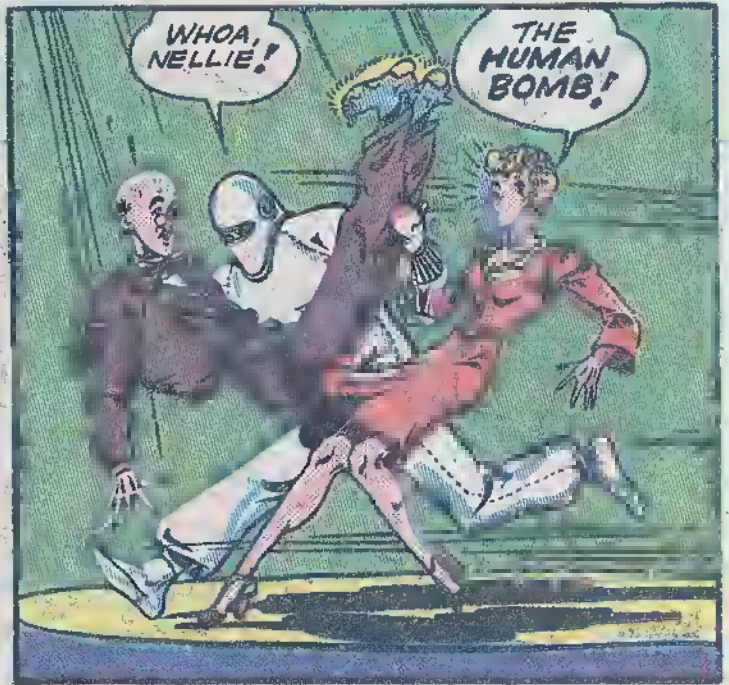
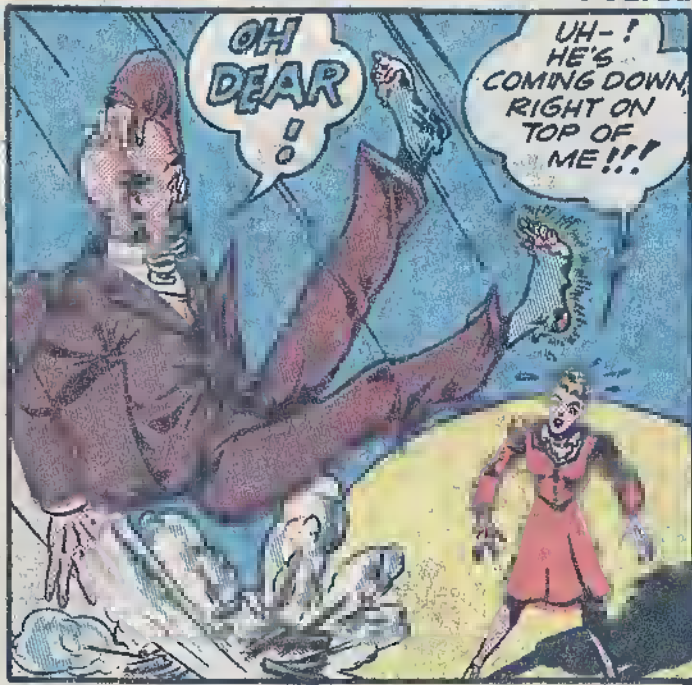


WELL I AM- AND YOU'RE MY PARTNER!



HOW WHAT ABOUT THROCKMORTON...

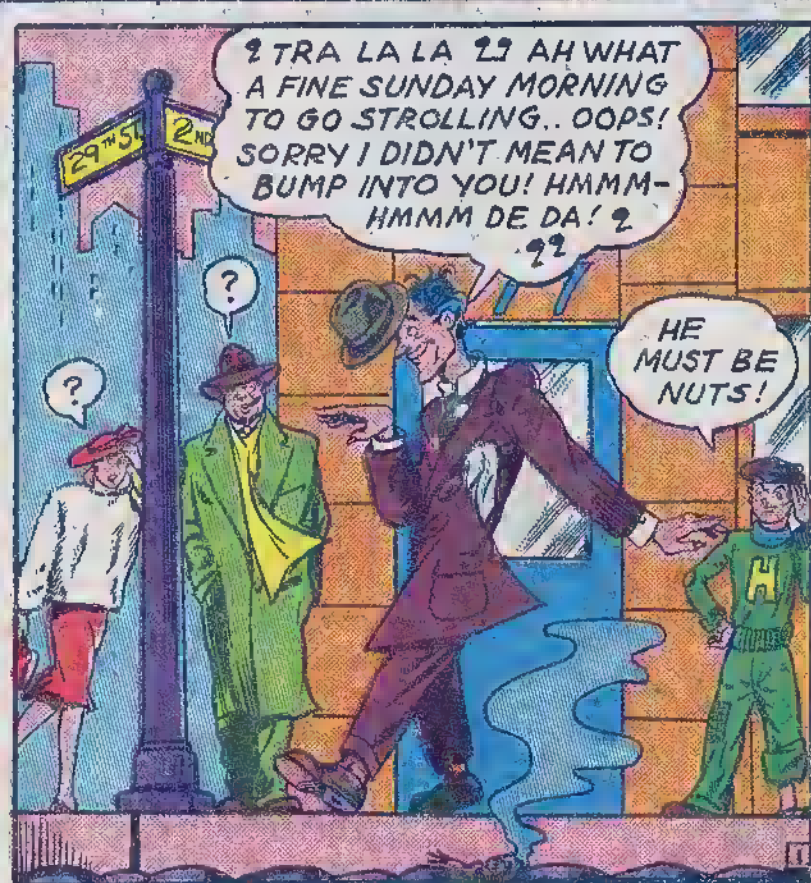




CHIL CARTER

VERNON
HENKEL

and the
STRANGE CASE
of
PROFESSOR
TOMORROW
?





LOOK OUT! THAT BIG TRUCK IS OUT OF CONTROL..IT'S GOING TO CRASH INTO US!

HONHGH?? HEY! WHATCHA DOIN'??!

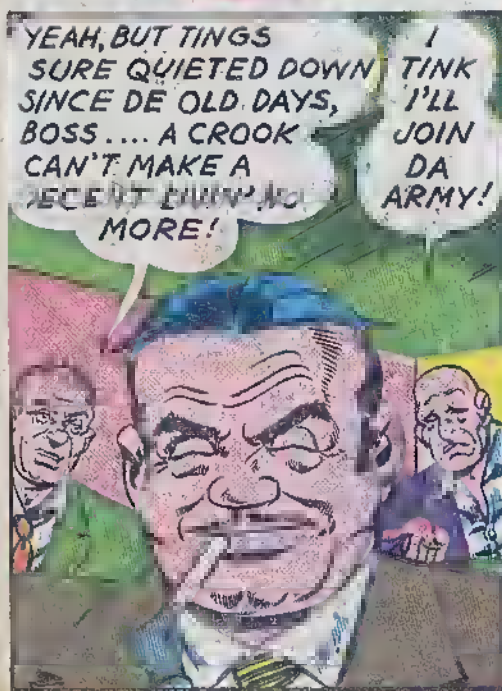


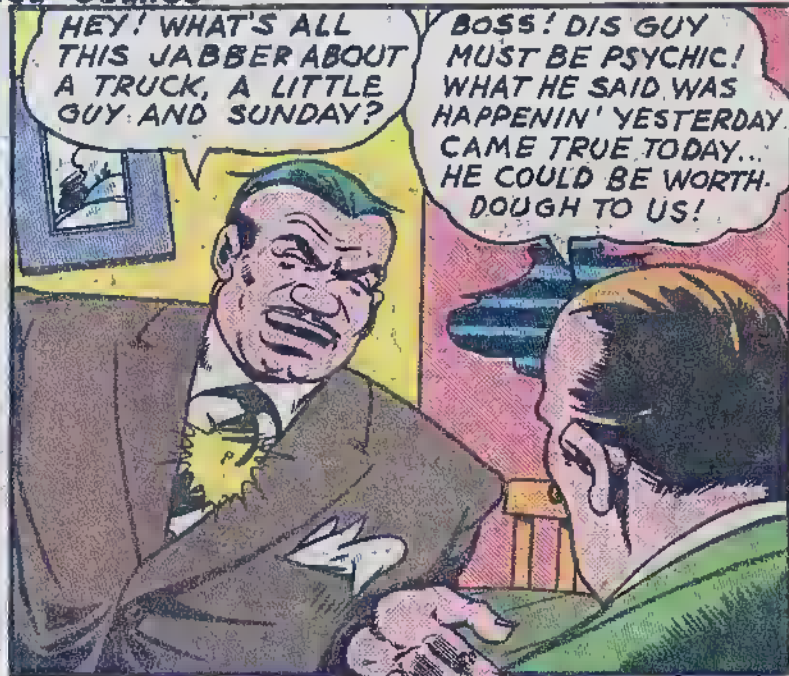
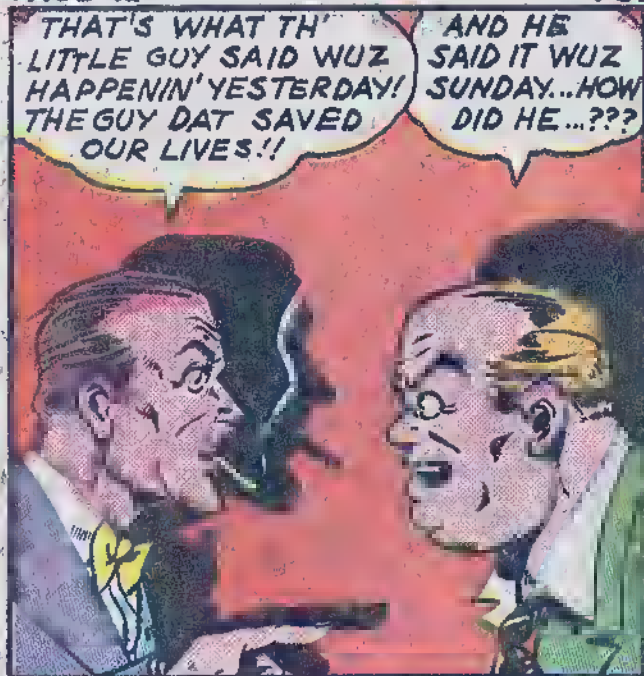
THE NEXT DAY - IN A LESS REFINED SECTION OF THE METROPOLIS...

HI YA SLUGS, OL' BOY!

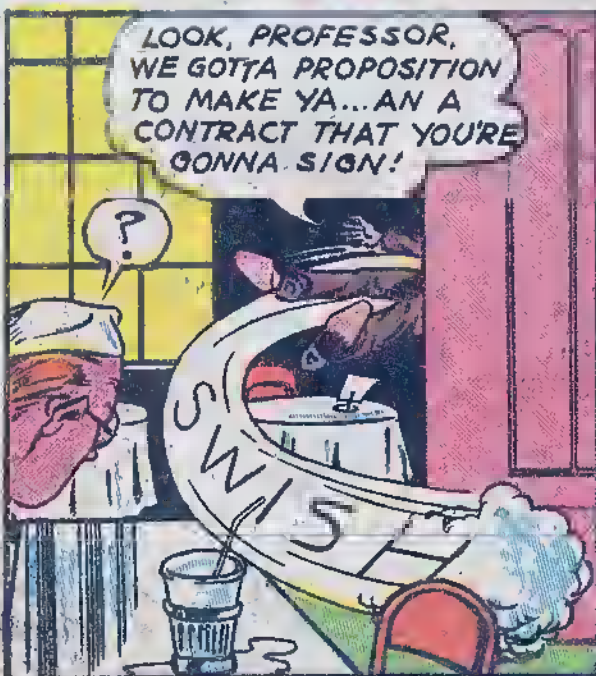
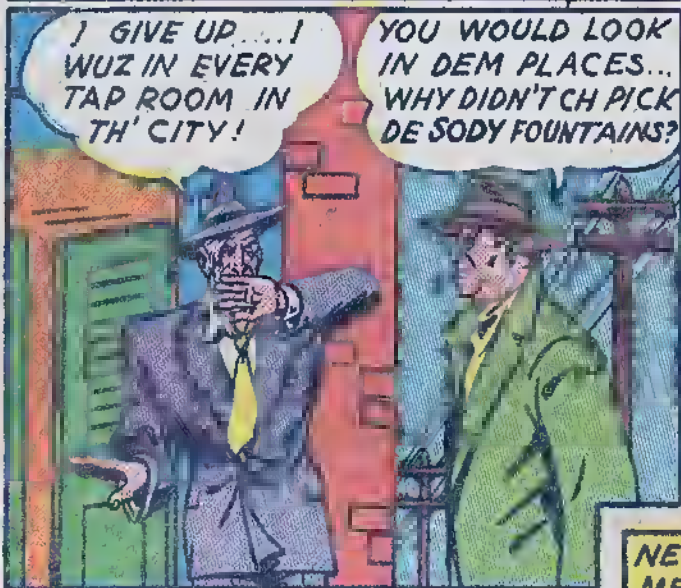
SLUGS MCGURK! WHEN DID DEY SPRING YA?

HA! HA! LIKE OL' TIMES, EH, BOYS?

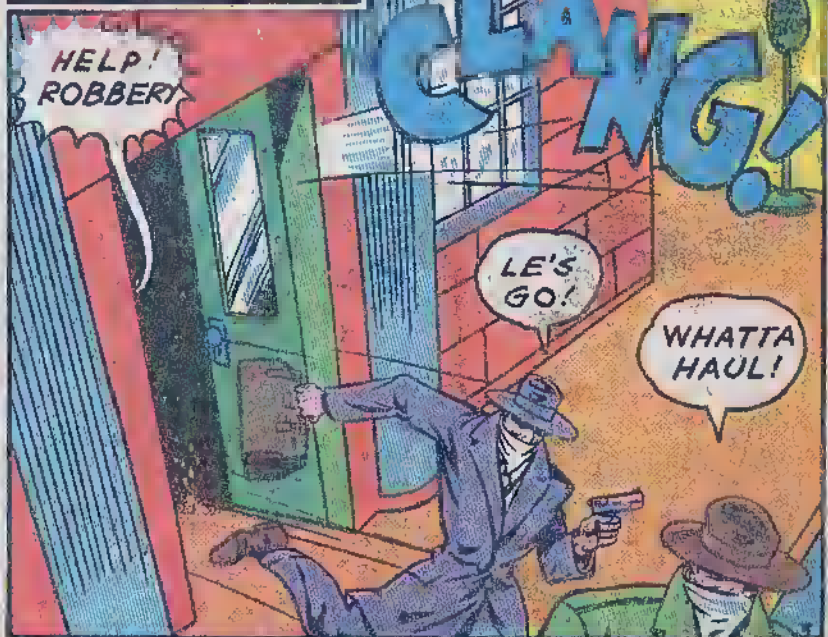




AND SO SLUGS MCGURK INC. COMBS THE CITY FOR A CERTAIN LITTLE FELLOW...



NEXT DAY - AT THE METROPOLIS FIRST NATIONAL BANK...



POLICE HEADQUARTERS

IT'S THE FIRST NATIONAL - LET'S GO, CHIC!

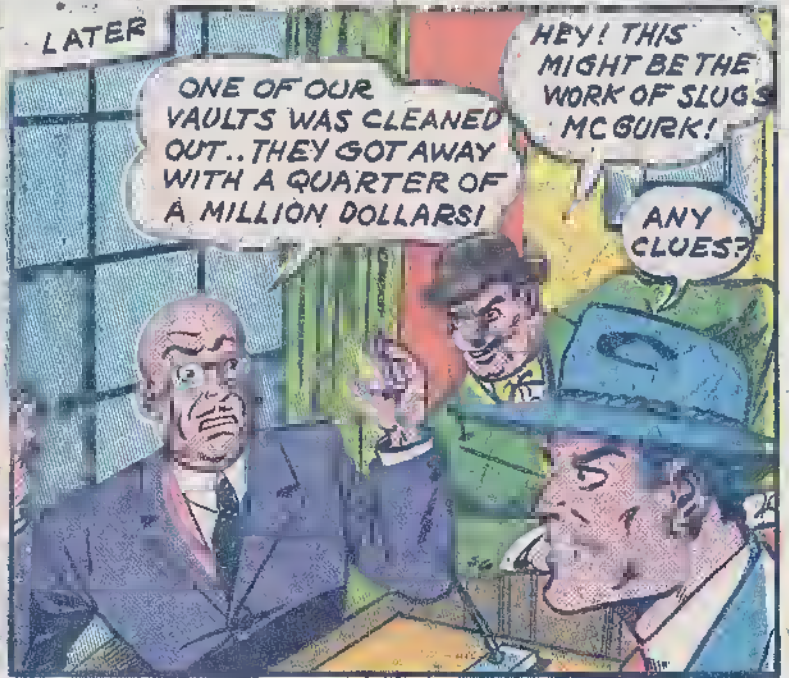


LATER

ONE OF OUR VAULTS WAS CLEANED OUT.. THEY GOT AWAY WITH A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS!

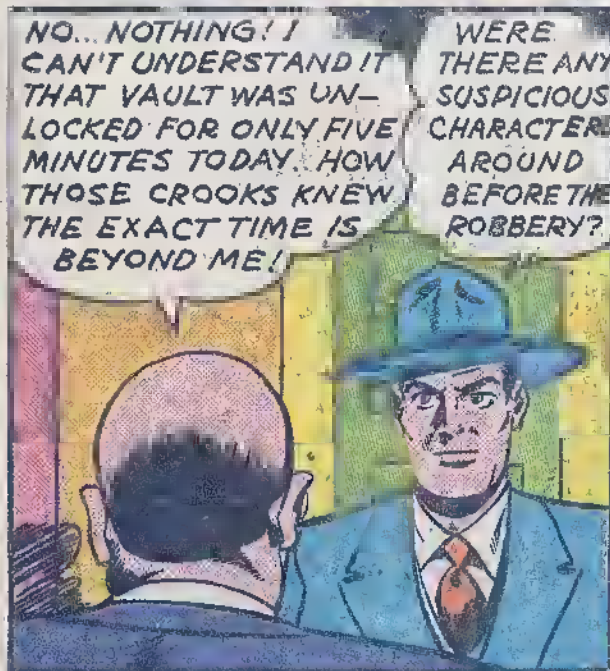
HEY! THIS MIGHT BE THE WORK OF SLUGS MCGURK!

ANY CLUES?



NO... NOTHING! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT THAT VAULT WAS UN-LOCKED FOR ONLY FIVE MINUTES TODAY. HOW THOSE CROOKS KNEW THE EXACT TIME IS BEYOND ME!

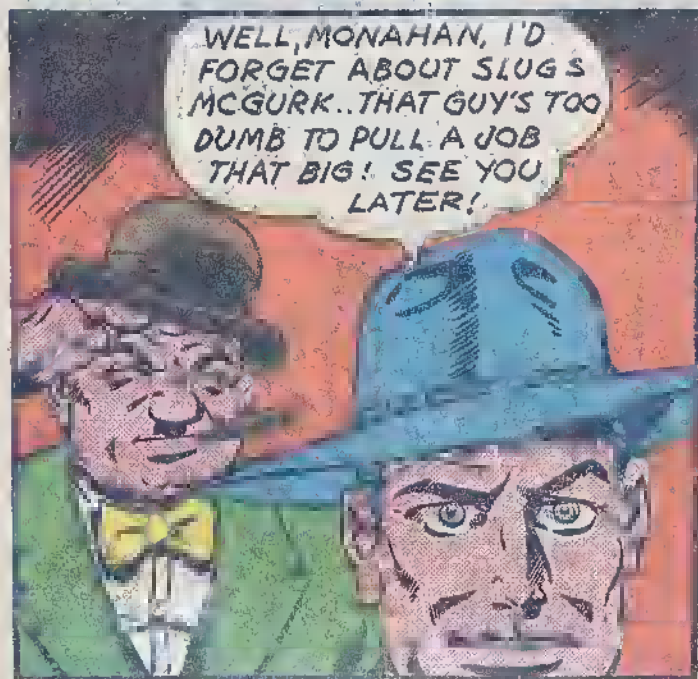
WERE THERE ANY SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER AROUND BEFORE THE ROBBERY?



TO THINK OF IT, YES! A CRAZY-LOOKING GUY WAS HANGING AROUND ALL DAY YESTERDAY... THEN HE OPENED UP AN ACCOUNT FOR 10¢ A WEEK! HERE'S HIS NAME... PROFESSOR TO-MORROW!!

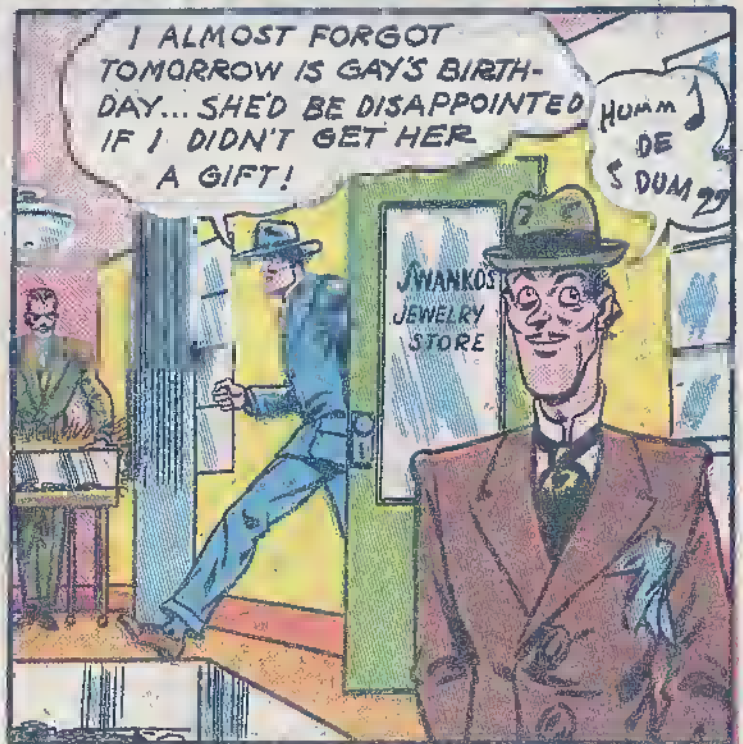


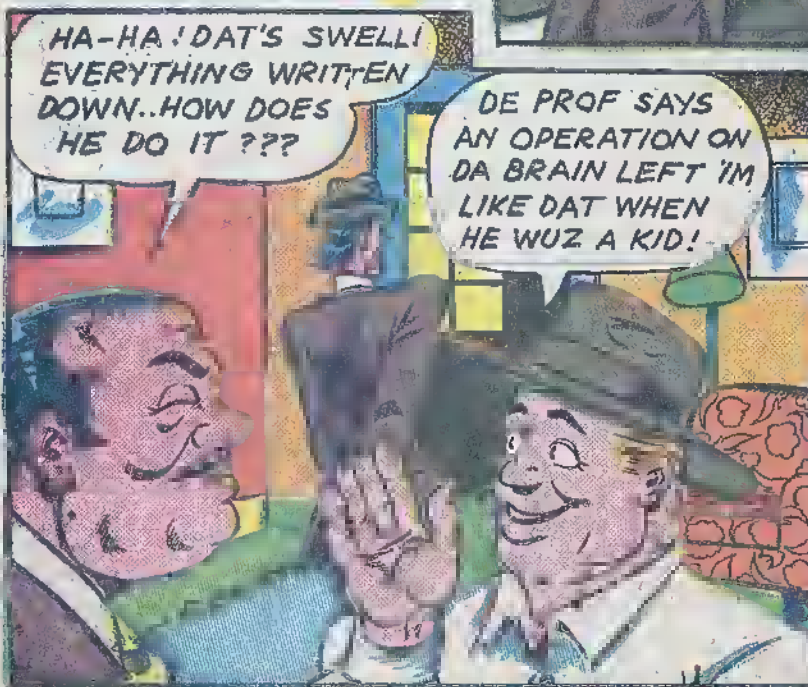
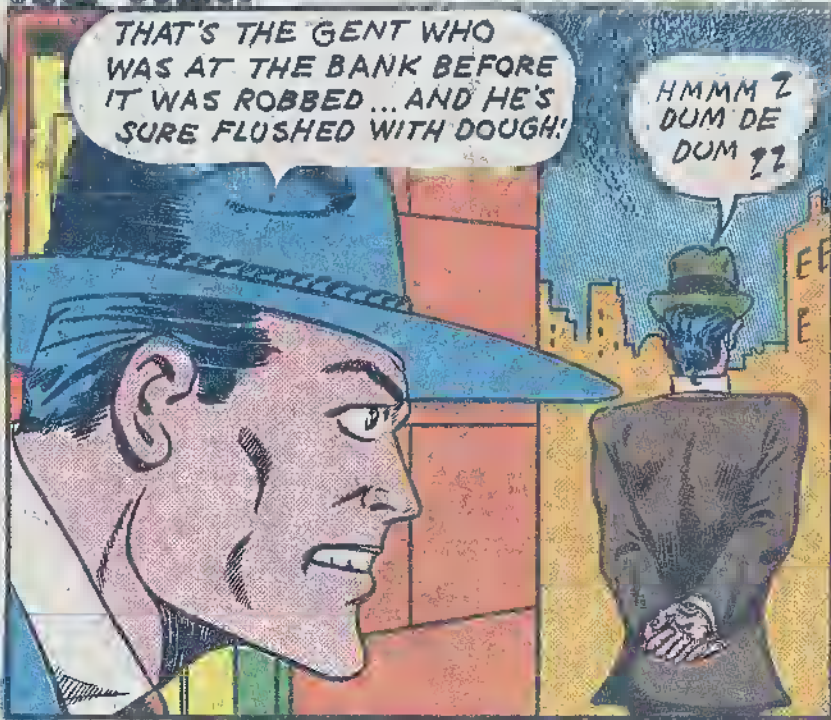
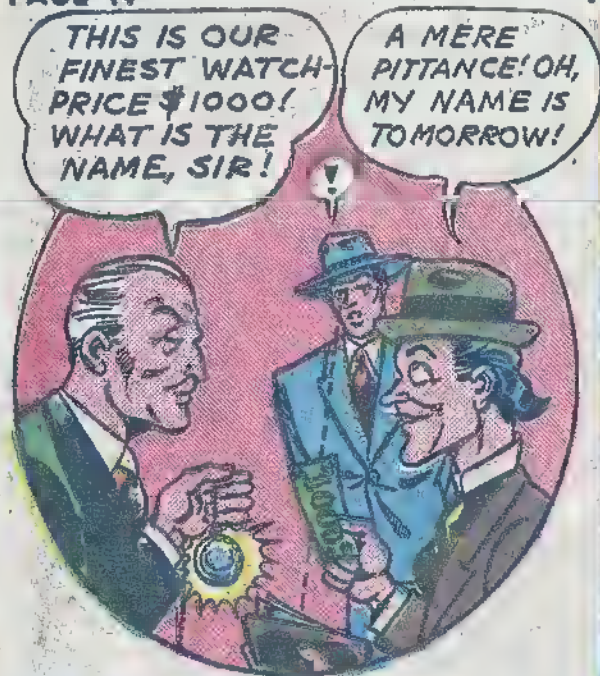
WELL, MONAHAN, I'D FORGET ABOUT SLUGS MCGURK.. THAT GUY'S TOO DUMB TO PULL A JOB THAT BIG! SEE YOU LATER!



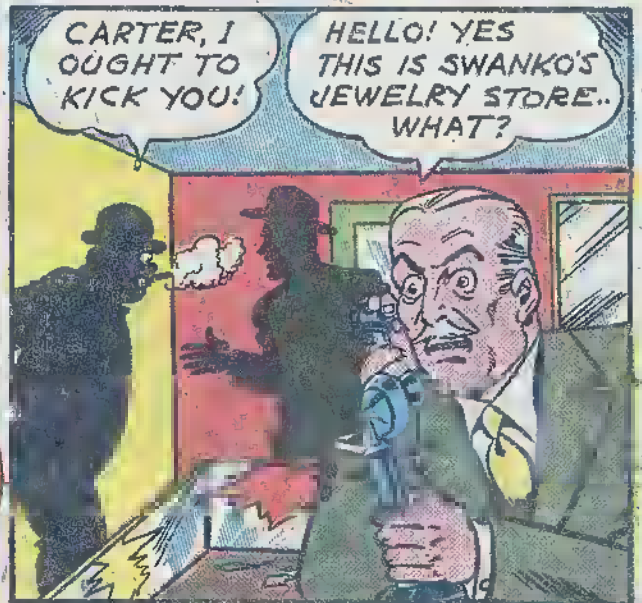
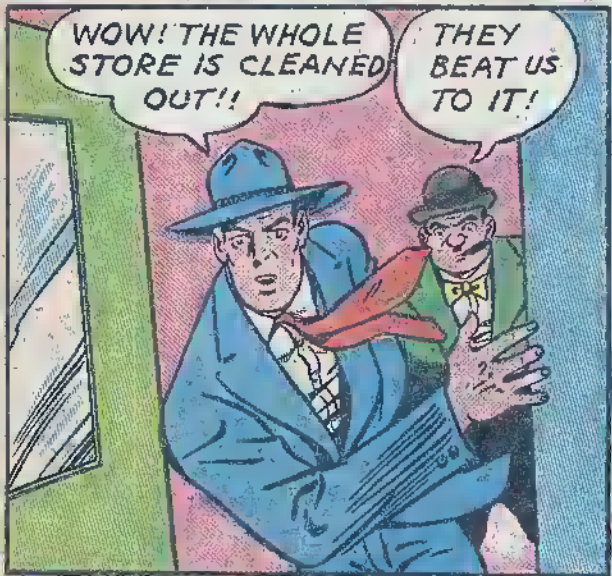
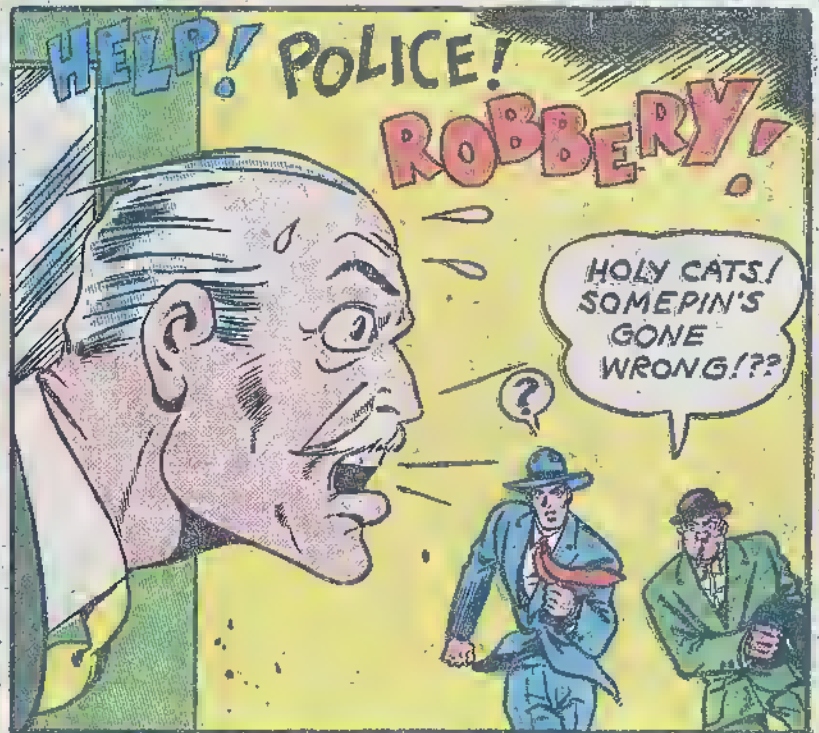
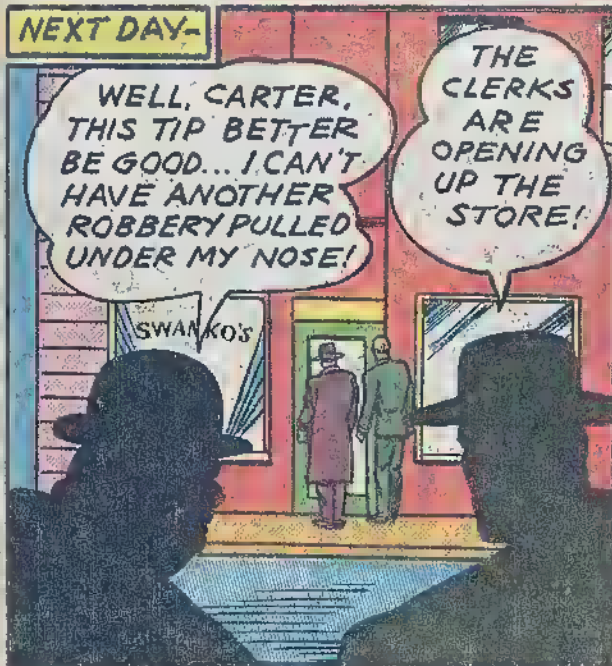
I ALMOST FORGOT TOMORROW IS GAY'S BIRTH-DAY... SHE'D BE DISAPPOINTED IF I DIDN'T GET HER A GIFT!

HUMM DE S DUM??



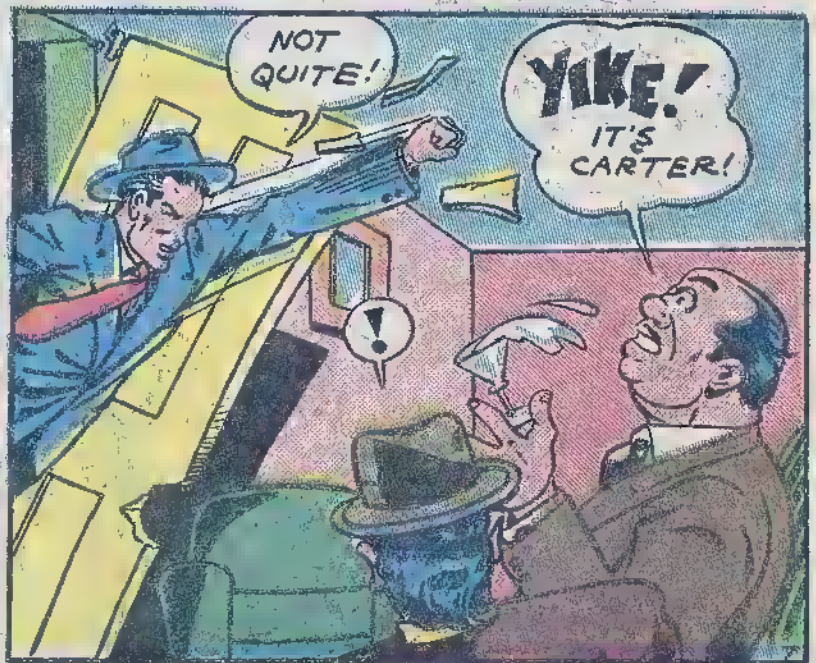
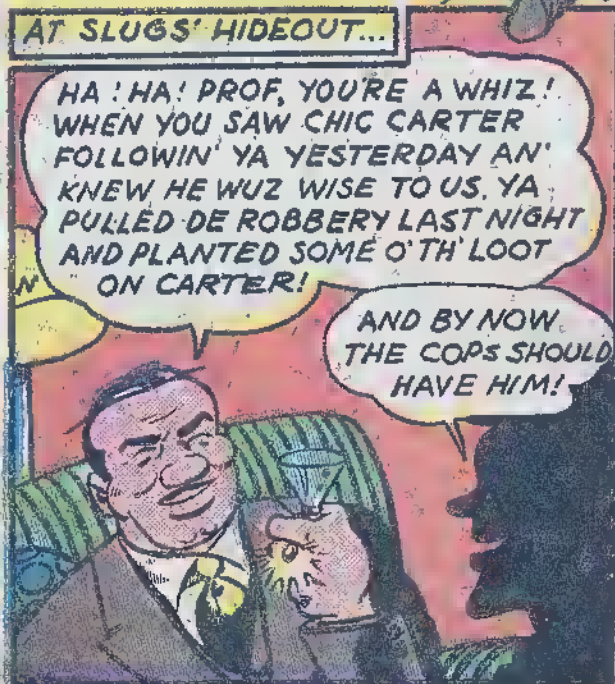
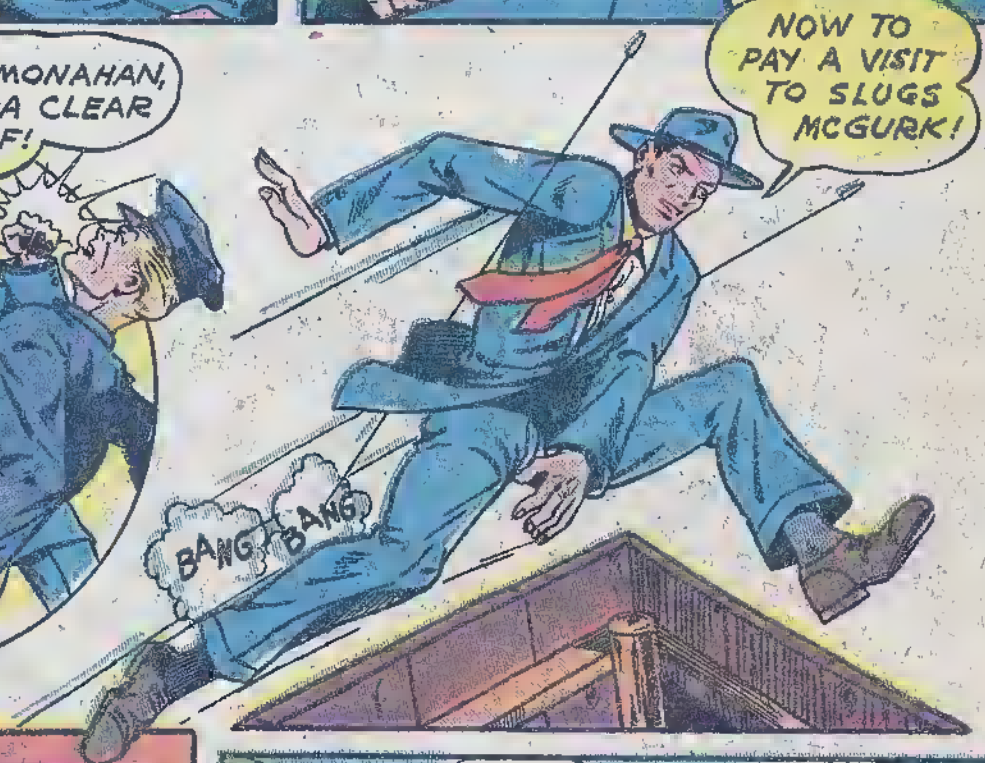


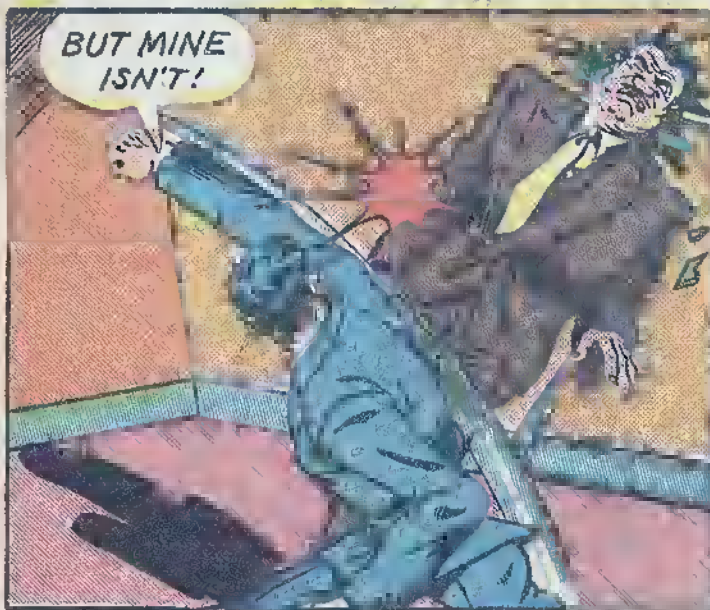
NEXT DAY-



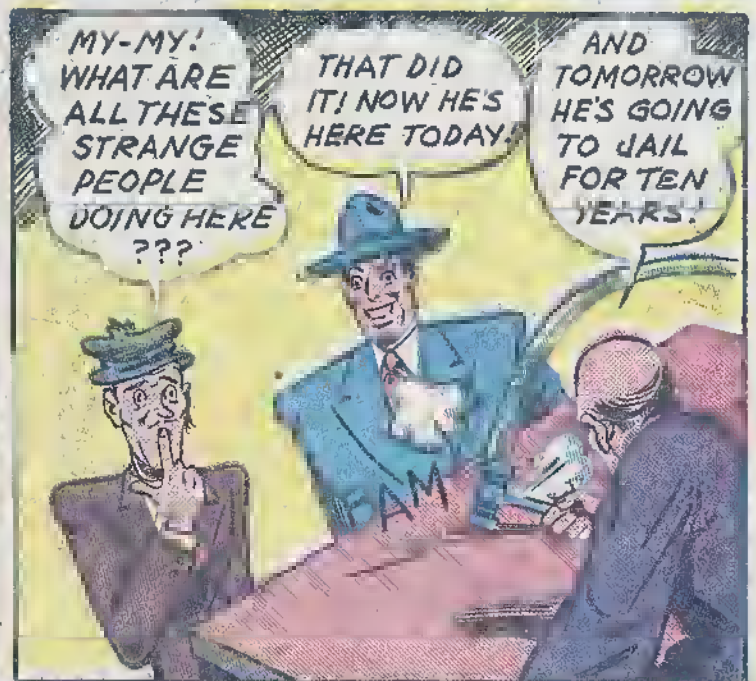
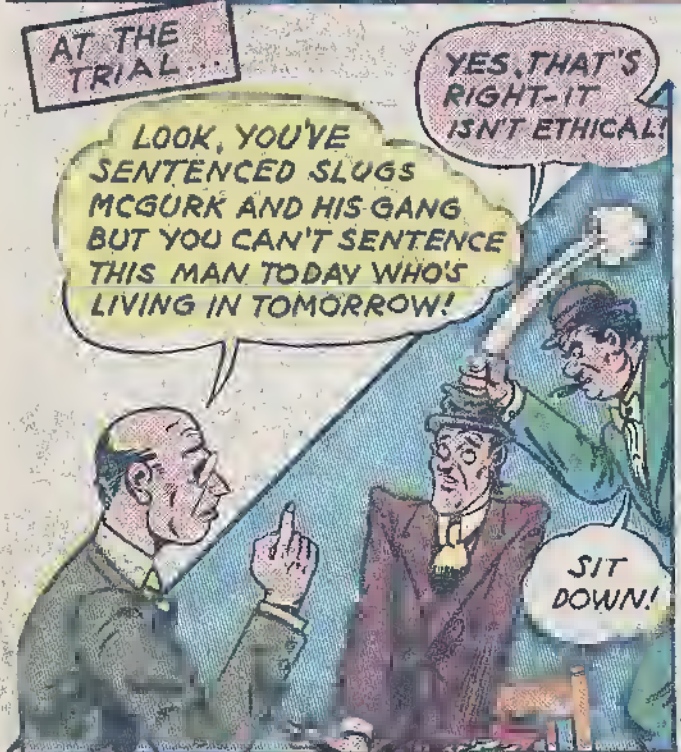
THIS IS GAY NOLAN.. SOMEBODY SENT ME AN ASSORTMENT OF JEWELRY FROM YOUR STORE.. IT WAS A NOTE WITH IT SAYING "HIDE THIS- WILL BRING THE REST LATER" SIGNED C.C.!







LATER-BACK AT HEADQUARTERS.



GET SINK LARSON!

DEVIL'S GAP lay silent and deserted under the silver mosaic of night. The dusty street, so filled with activity during the day, was quiet now. Devil's Gap had gone to sleep.

Stretching far to the north and east, as far as the eye could reach, were great plains and ranges of mountains, all of them dotted with herds of cattle, for this was in the heart of the Southwest's cow country. The herds were asleep too, waiting for the sun to light their way to grazing.

The man on horseback, muffled in a heavy cloak against the desert night chill, and with a Stetson pulled low over his head, rode leisurely across the plain to the north, apparently paying no attention to anything. He chuckled mirthlessly and spoke to his horse. He had ridden twenty miles since morning and he felt in no good mood.

It had been a long time since he'd visited Devil's Gap. Something like fourteen years. Ten of those years he had spent in prison at Clarkson. Ten years in which to grow more bitter and hatch up a terrible vengeance for Bill Pawling, owner of the great Lazy Q spread, one of the largest in the region. Yes, Bill had it coming, and Sink Larson was the man to give it to him!

Sink's mind went back over the awful period he spent in prison, hating, fuming, thinking of how to get even. He allowed his mind to do this more than anything else. It was a sort of anodyne to his conscience. And Sink had very little conscience left.

It had been a bum rap Bill had been as much to blame as

him; though he had got caught. Oh, yes, of course, Bill had come to the fore at the trial, and admitted his share in the business. But the court wouldn't listen to him. Bill Pawling had a good name in the country, and Sink had a long record of evildoing. So Sink had gone to the big house. . . .

Now he was out. Now he'd get even for the trick Bill—and the State—had pulled on him. And how he'd get even! Sink almost laughed at the contemplation of it. He could see Bill now, stark raving mad at the awful destruction that would overtake him, cleaning him out, making him a pauper. Yeah, Bill loved that swell spread of his, loved it with a passion most men show for wives or very dear friends.

Sink wanted to make the agony long and drawn out, so he intended experimenting first on some of the ranchers bordering Bill's outfit. That way Bill'd get some idea of what was going to happen to him. Sink would lie in the darkness and see Bill turn pale and go mad. . . .

"Gimme me a month, and I'll show him!" he muttered to himself as he reined up under a big cottonwood tree and slipped to the ground. "Just a month to get even, that's all I ask. Then ——" He smiled evilly through yellowed teeth and spat in the dust. Then he built a small fire, cooked a can of coffee, and laid strips of fat bacon in the frying pan. . . .

Dick Mace liked Devil's Gap. He liked it immensely. It smacked of the "old West," he thought, and it looked like a fine spot for a little vacation while things were quiet in crime circles. That was Dick's occupation: hunting

down criminals, and no one in the world has made a more brilliant record, though Dick is a mere youth in years.

Right now Dick lolled in a frayed but comfortable easy chair in the lobby of the Antlers Hotel, which was two stories high, but had a false front that made it appear to be three stories. He liked that whimsical little deception of the early Westerners, making folks believe that their stores and places of business were much larger than they really were. He liked the folk around Devil's Gap, too.

"That Sheriff Calico Mike is some guy," he said to himself, basking in the warm sun streaming through the cracked front window of the lobby. "He's the real thing too. Easy-going, but I fancy a hard-shooting chap when occasion demands. . . . Hey! Sheriff!" he called. The sheriff was coming in the door. "Hi youngster!" called the sheriff. "Whatcha doin', holdin' down this here hotel's best easy chair?"

"Come on and join me," invited Dick. "You look as if something was bothering you. Somebody rustling cattle?"

Calico Mike sat down heavily. Drew a red bandana across his face and shoved his big hat to the back of his head.

"Worse than that, Dick. Somethin's burnin' up all the grazin' land around here. Can't make head or tail of it. We've had enough rain to keep the grass green, but—somethin's shore playn' Hob with the grass."

Dick was interested. "Probably a condition all over the region, Sheriff. Not much you can do about Nature."

The sheriff shook his head.

"Tain't that way everywhere though. Just here in Big Bend, grass goin' gally-west an' the cows is starvin'."

"Funny," said Dick. "Darn funny."

Several days went by and Dick rode around over the Big Bend country thoroughly enjoying himself. He visited Skidoo, one of the old ghost towns, and chatted with an old desert rat who made his home there—in the Palace Hotel, a bare, barny place over-run with pack rats and bats.

Then one afternoon as Dick rode leisurely over the burned plains of the Squared D outfit, wondering what had caused Nature to pick out certain spots to sere the grass, he saw a horseman gallop over a rise a mile away and disappear into a canyon. He urged his mount ahead.

"Acted kind of strange," said Dick to himself. But when he reached the crest of the narrow valley into which the horseman had gone, there was no sign of him.

"No use imaginin' things," Dick said to his horse. "And yet—"

That evening, Sheriff Callico Mike came into the hotel and his face was a study in worry.

"Lissen, Dick, somethin's mighty wrong around these parts. More an' more grazin' land is being burned brown. Bill Pawling's place got it yesterday. Bill's got thirty thousand head of critters an' they's no other grazin' land for 'em."

"Maybe this isn't an act of Nature," Dick told him. "Know anybody who has a grudge against anybody—or against the whole country around here, Sheriff?"

Callico scratched his jaw. "Naw. Not that I know of, son."

Dick recounted his experience of the day before. "Of course," he said, "it might have been anybody in a kind of hurry."

"Yeah," drawled Callico. "Don't look like much of a lead, Dick."

Dick rode out early the next morning, bent on a thorough investigation of the burned areas. At the first ranch where the scourge had hit, he dismounted and examined the sere grass minutely. It was as if a boiling sun had sucked all life out of it—not exactly burned, just withered down to nothing.

"Doesn't look natural," Dick said. "Looks like chemicals. But how the dickens could chemicals be spread over such vast areas, in so short a time?"

He rode on to the next series of burned fields. The same story. Then he noticed that between these two ranches there was one untouched by the weird burning. And he wondered about that.

There's a mystery here, all right, he told himself. And he determined to run it down. It was obvious that somebody had it in for several ranch owners; that somebody was back of the whole thing.

Dick visited the sheriff's office later in the day and asked if there had been trouble among the cattlemen in years past. Callico thought for a moment.

"Only one I can think of was when Sink Larson and Bill Pawling got into some trouble a dozen years ago, or so. Sink was sent up and— Say! He got ten years. Yeah, mebbe it's Sink doin' this!"

Bill Pawling began to drive his cattle north, out of the burned area. But as he traveled with the vast herds, the grazing land went brown almost beneath their hooves. His cattle were dying in great numbers. Bill was beside himself.

Dick made a discovery at the court house. Going over the old case, Pawling vs Larson, he found that the jury had been composed of men whose ranches were now laid waste. Sink, then, was out and behind all this terrible business!

FIND SINK LARSON!

Posses were formed and roamed the hills and canyons. But Sink was slick. He kept out of the way. Or maybe, Dick hazarded, now that his evil work was finished, he had skipped the country. Cattlemen by the hundreds kept looking for the fiend. . . .

Dick and Sheriff Callico Mike were examining a bit of grass on Pawling's place one day. A few stray, lean cows foraged on the sparse green that had begun to show through the burned stuff.

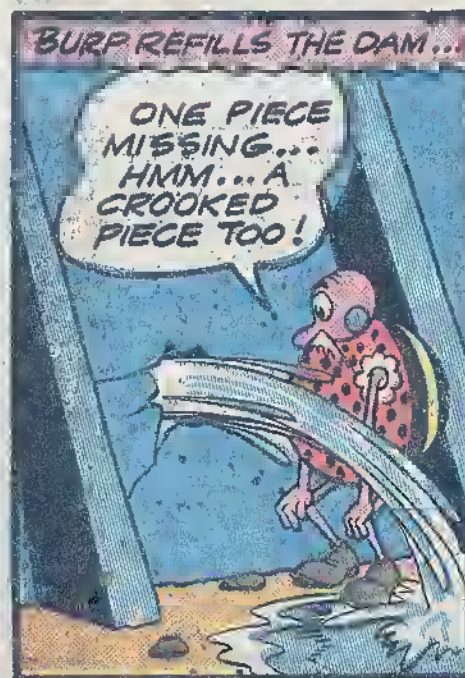
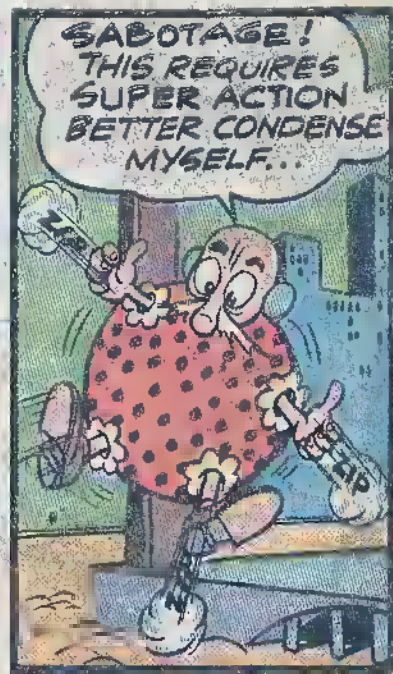
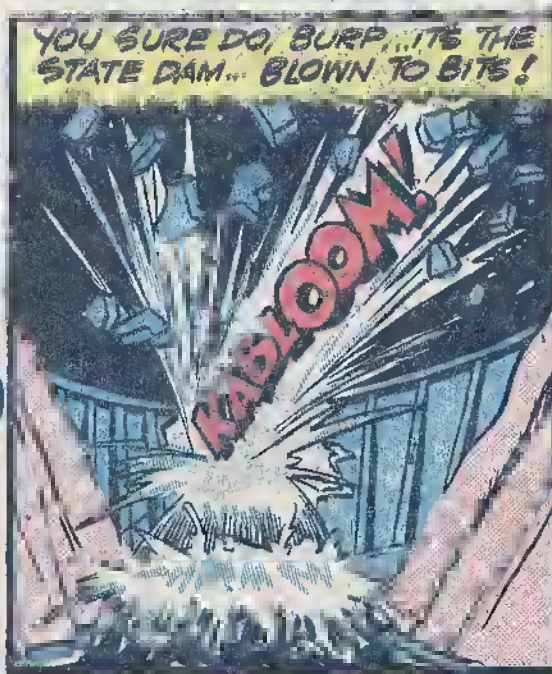
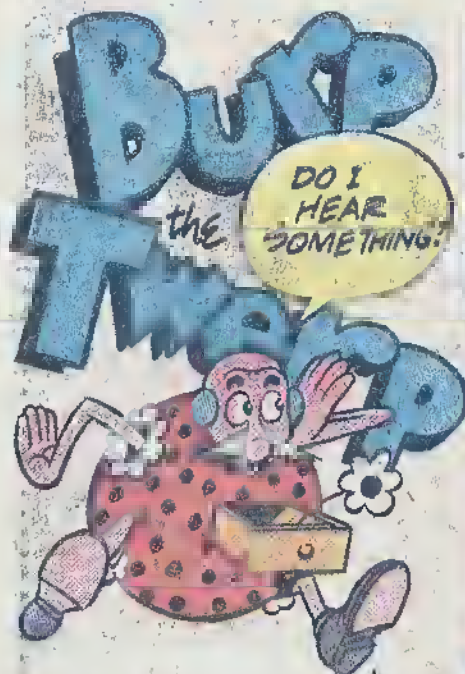
Suddenly Dick saw something flash in the hoof of a steer a hundred yards away. He went over and picked up the animal's foot. There, imbedded in the V, was a small metal object with tiny holes in its sides. He pulled it out. Slightly larger than a .45 cartridge case, he soon had it open. Inside was a sprinkling of white crystals.

"Oxylamite!" he gasped. "So that's how Sink spread death to the grass! What a clever devil!" He showed Callico, explaining the action of the powerful chemical.

"Huh!" snorted Callico. "Then the cows themselves is spreadin' the stuff! I'll be blowed! Let's git that ornery polecat!"

But they didn't get Sink Larson—alive. The better part of Big Bend was burned sere, and hundreds of head of cattle had died. But now green grass was growing through the burned covering, and soon there would be foraging for the herds.

One of the sheriff's deputies found Sink a week later. His horse had pitched him out of the saddle. Sink lay on his face in a clump of greasewood, where he must have crawled out of the burning sun. Both legs were broken. Sink had died of thirst, there in the waterless desert he had tried to cross to leave the scene of his crimes.



DESTINY

HEY, REMEMBER ME-
I'M OSCAR JONES - DA
GUY DAT KILT 711 - SO
DERE SENDIN' DAT TIRED,
SEEDY LOOKIN' DRIP TA
BRING ME T'JUSTICE-
DAT'S RICH-HAHHA-

GEORGE
E.
BRENNER

OUT OF THE FOG SHROUDED NIGHT,
A PIECE OF HUMAN DRIFT-WOOD FLOATS
UPON THE SEA OF LIFE.....

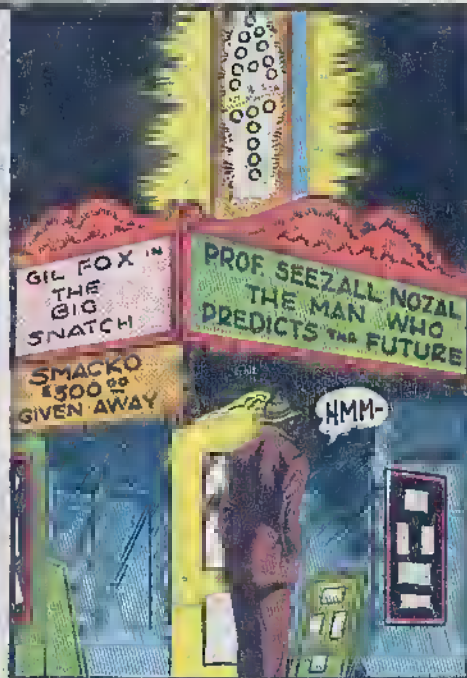
KIDS, MEET UP WITH A BRAND
NEW CHARACTER - DESTINY - HE'S
DIFFERENT, HE'S NOT DRESSED IN
FANCY CLOTHES AND CAPES -
INFACT HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE
MUCH - BUT DON'T MAKE HIM MAD,
BECAUSE IT'S JUST TOO BAD FOR
THOSE WHO DO-----



ALONE IN THE WORLD- NO HOME, NO JOB- HE DRAGS HIS WEARY FEET ALONG THE WET, GLISTENING STREETS--



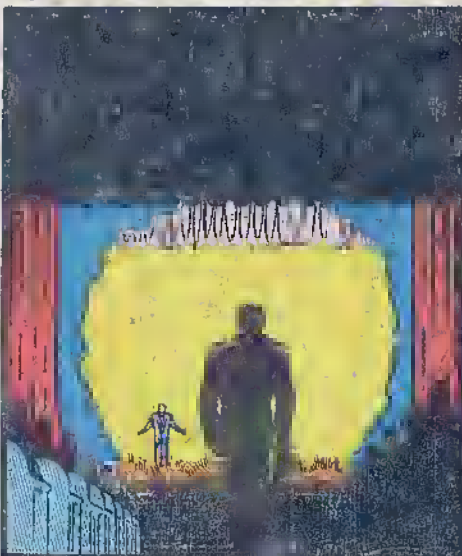
HE PULLS HIS COAT COLLAR CLOSER ABOUT HIS NECK AND TURNS HIS STEPS TOWARD THE BRIGHTER SECTION OF THE CITY----



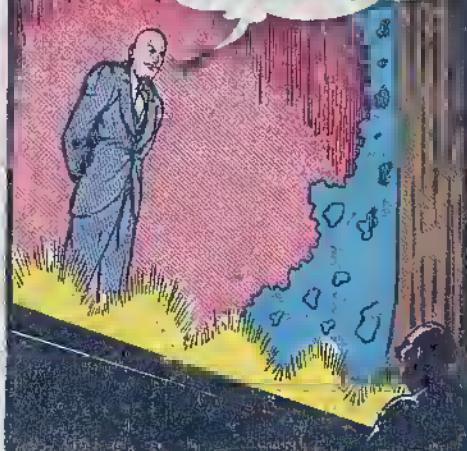
I'VE GOT THE PRICE OF AN ADMISSION- OR A SQUARE MEAL-- I'M HUNGRY- BUT IF I WIN THAT 500 BUCKS- WELL, I'LL TAKE THE CHANCE !!



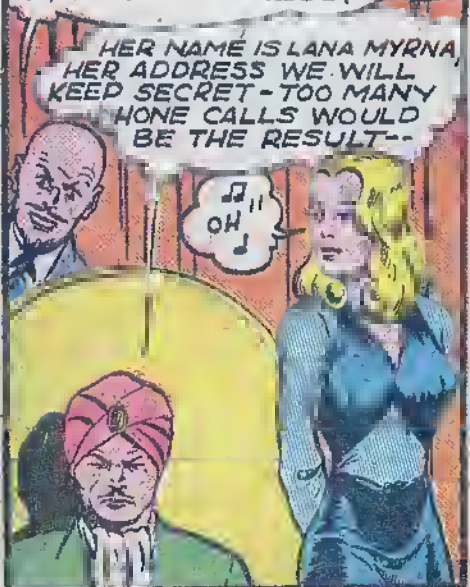
AND HERE, FATE-UNSEEN, LEADS THE DISHEVEILED FIGURE DOWN THE AISLE--



AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IF SOMEONE WILL VOLUNTEER TO STEP UPON THE STAGE, PROF. NOZAL WILL BE GLAD TO ANSWER ANY AND ALL QUESTIONS PERTAINING TO THE PAST, PRESENT OR FUTURE



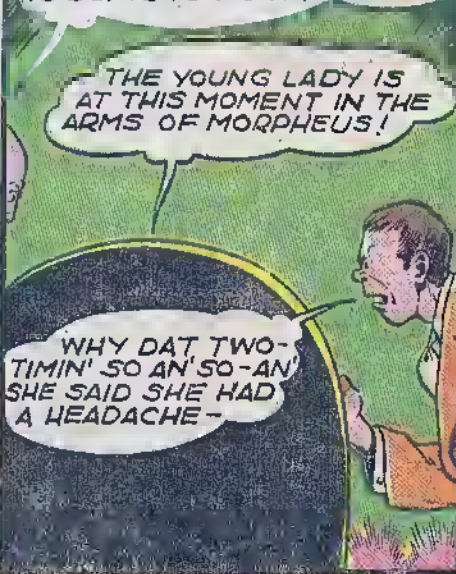
PROFESSOR, THIS YOUNG LADY WISHES YOU TO TELL HER, HER NAME AND ADDRESS!



HER NAME IS LANA MYRNA, HER ADDRESS WE WILL KEEP SECRET- TOO MANY PHONE CALLS WOULD BE THE RESULT--

OH !!

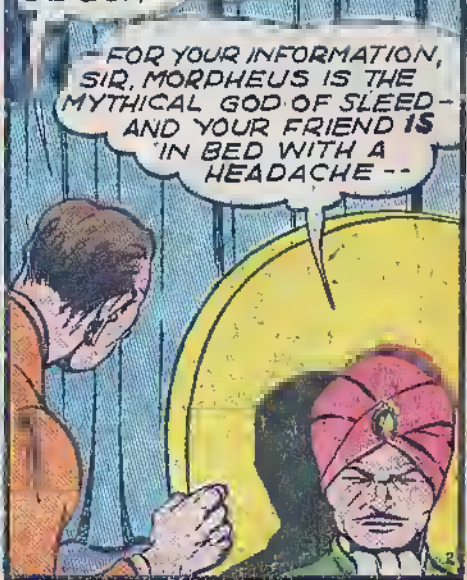
THIS GENTLEMAN WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT HIS GIRL FRIEND IS DOING TONIGHT?



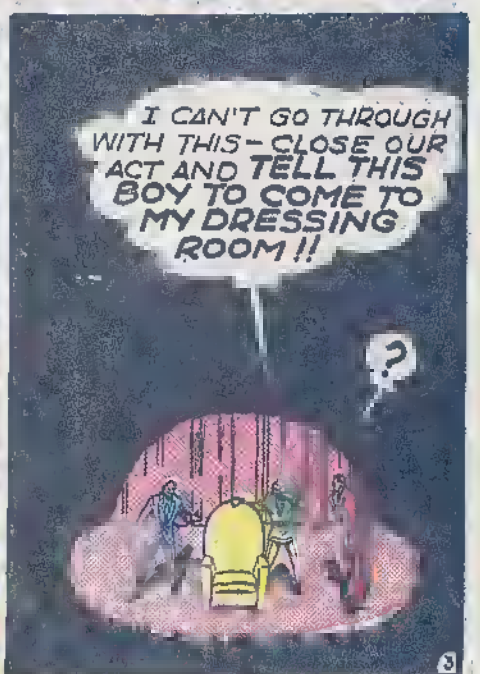
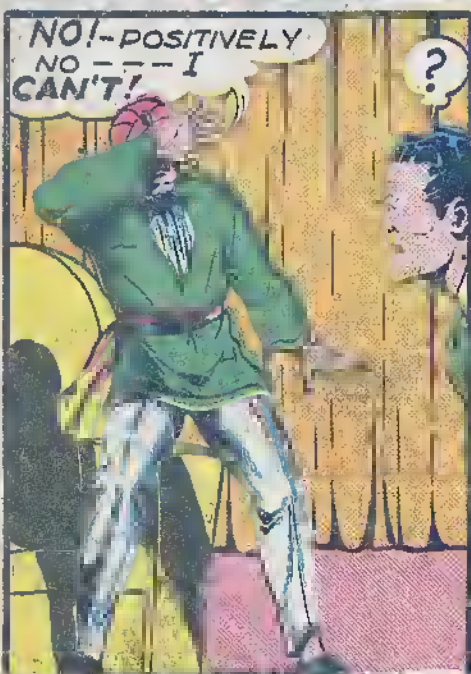
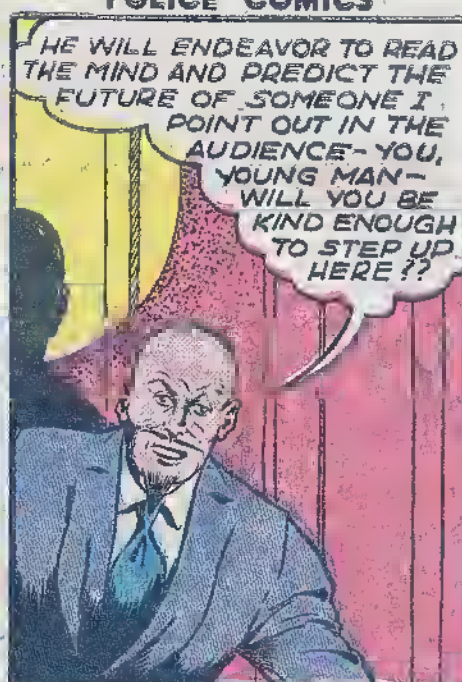
THE YOUNG LADY IS AT THIS MOMENT IN THE ARMS OF MORPHEUS!

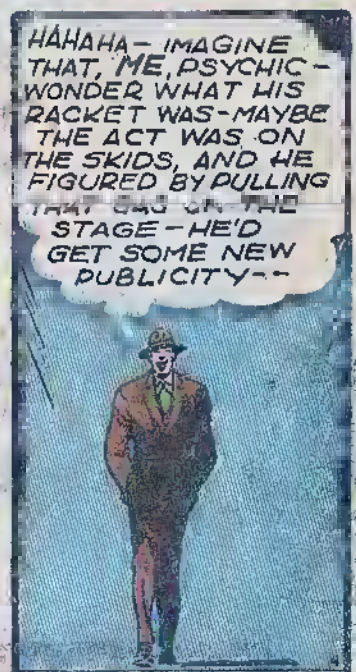
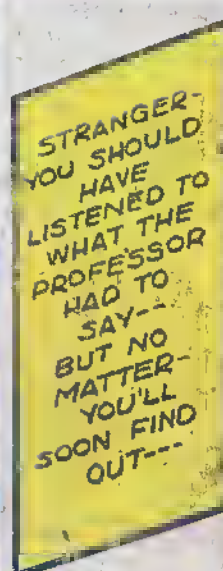
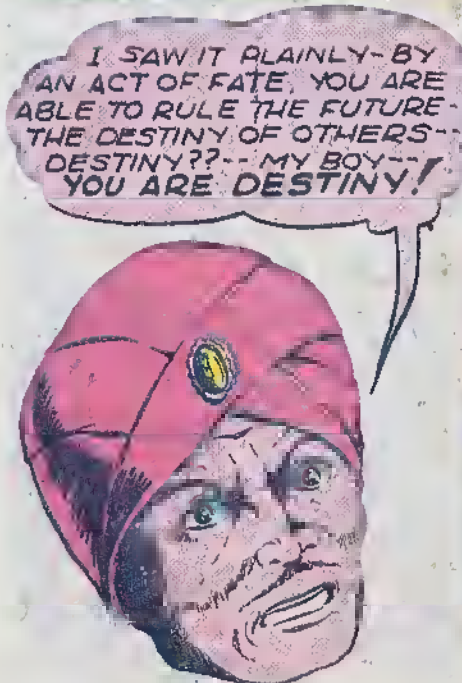
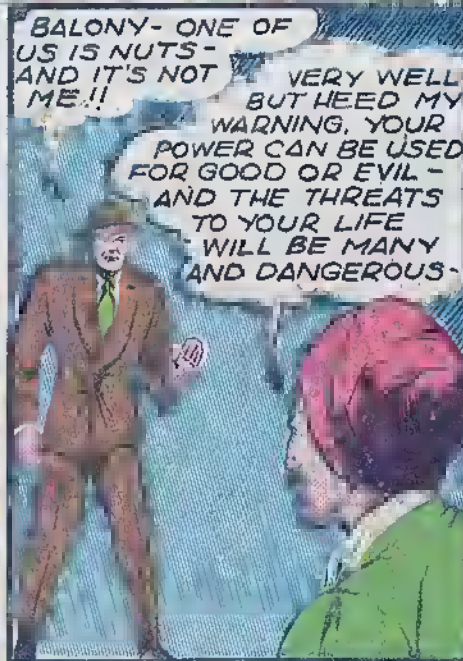
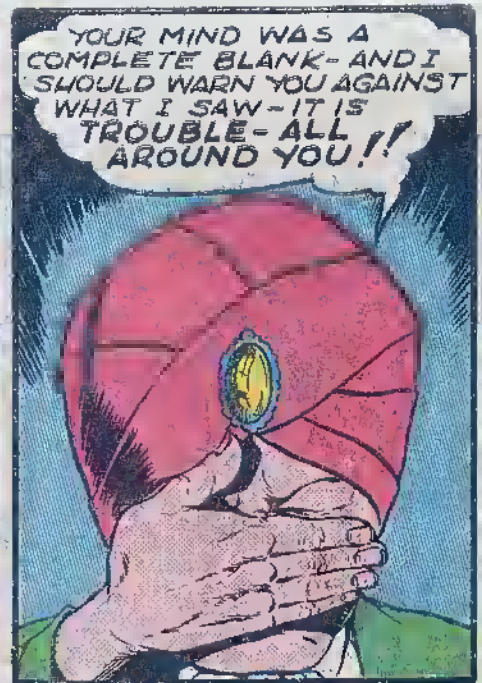
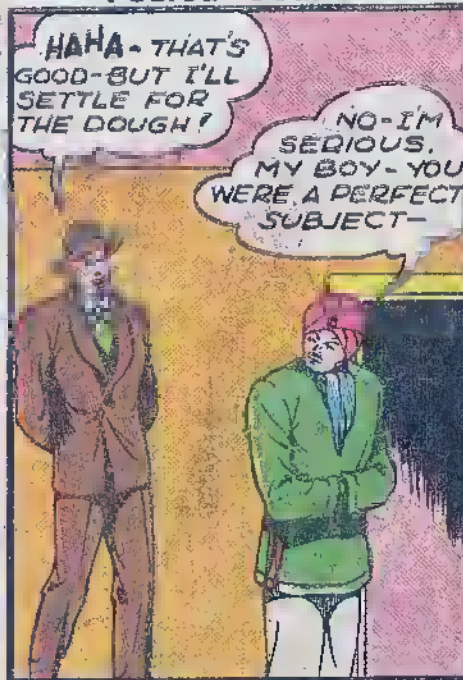
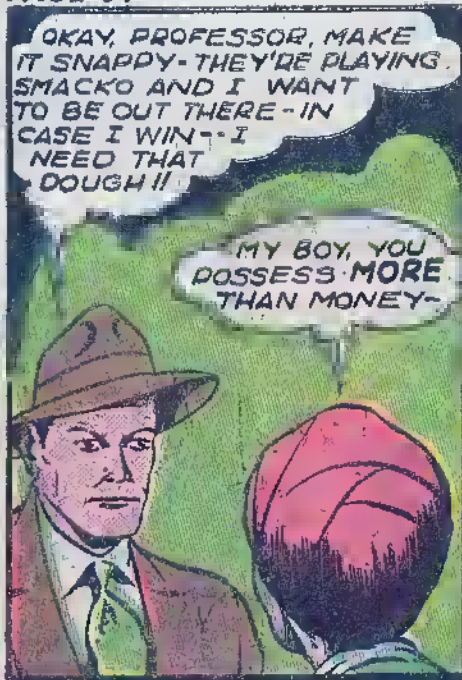
WHY DAT TWO-TIMIN' SO AN' SO-AN' SHE SAID SHE HAD A HEADACHE--

WHAT'S DE GUY LOOK LIKE I'LL MOIDER DE BUM--



FOR YOUR INFORMATION, SIR, MORPHEUS IS THE MYTHICAL GOD OF SLEEP-- AND YOUR FRIEND IS IN BED WITH A HEADACHE--





WHAT WAS IT HE SAID---
IF I MAKE MY MIND A
BLANK, I'LL-- I'LL GIVE
IT A TRY---



WHAT TH'?? HOW'D I GET
HERE?? -- A SECOND AGO, I
WAS GOING BACK TO MY SEAT
TO PLAY SMACKO AND NOW I'M
HERE -- GULP! HE'S RIGHT--
I AM
DESTINY!!



AND THIS IS WHAT THE
PROFESSOR MEANT, WHEN
HE SAID THERE WAS ONE
THING MORE I SHOULD
KNOW--HEY, THIS IS ALL
RIGHT-I'LL
TRY IT
AGAIN--



AND DESTINY ONCE MORE
GOES INTO A TRANCE, BUT--

IT-IT DOESN'T WORK??
WHAT WAS IT HE SAID---
I WAS ENDOWED WITH THE
POWER OF FORSEEING
DEATH, TROUBLE AND
DISASTER---



THAT MUST MEAN SOMEBODY
AROUND HERE IS IN DANGER--
AND BEFORE I CAN USE
MY POWERS AGAIN-I MUST
RING TO JUSTICE, THE EVIL
DOER!! BUT WHO IS IN
TROUBLE-AND
WHERE??



AND JUST ACROSS THE STREET,
IN AN OFFICE BUILDING--

YOU'LL DO DE
JOB, OR DIE,
DOC!!

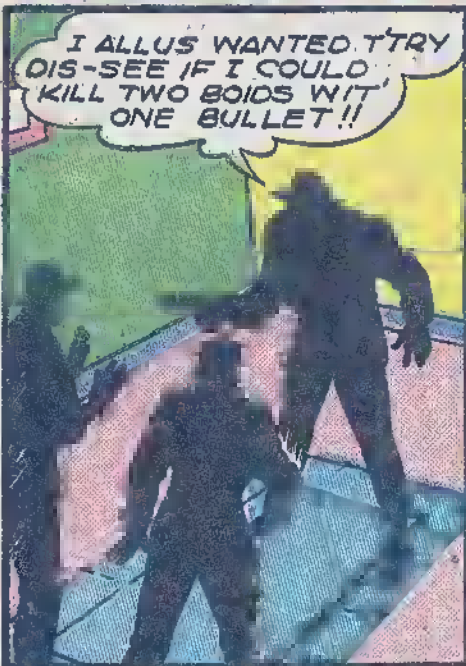
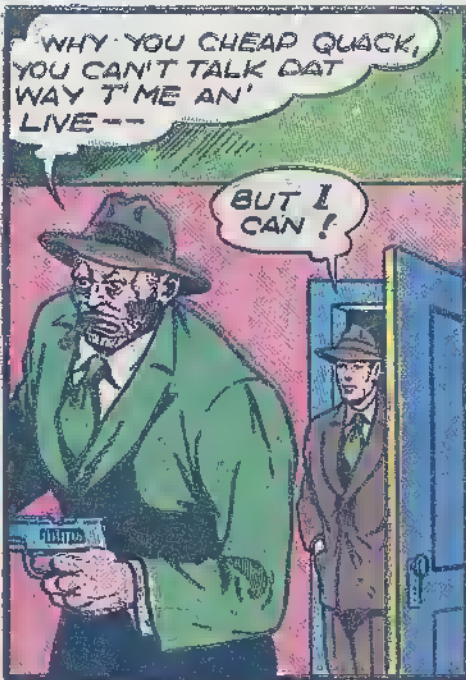
NEVER-I KNOW
WHO YOU ARE NOW,
OSCAR JONES, THE
BIG SHOT
RACKETEER!!

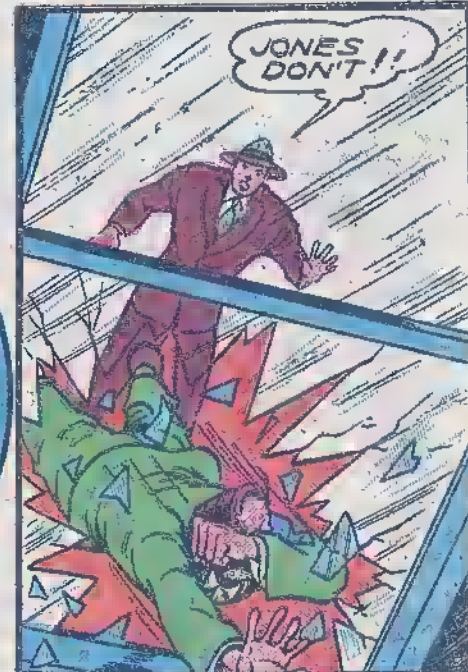
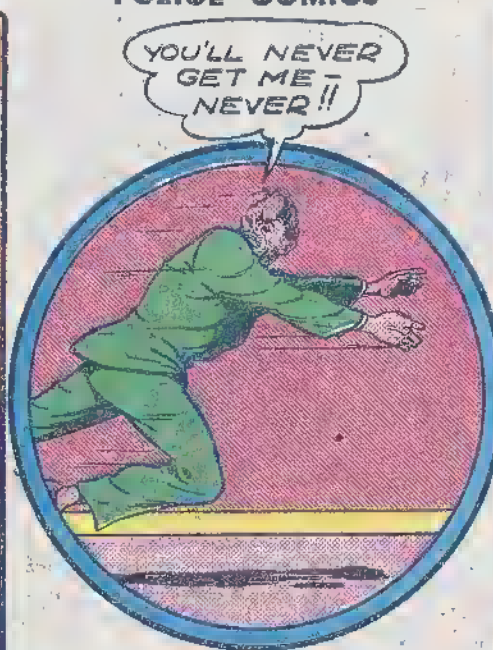
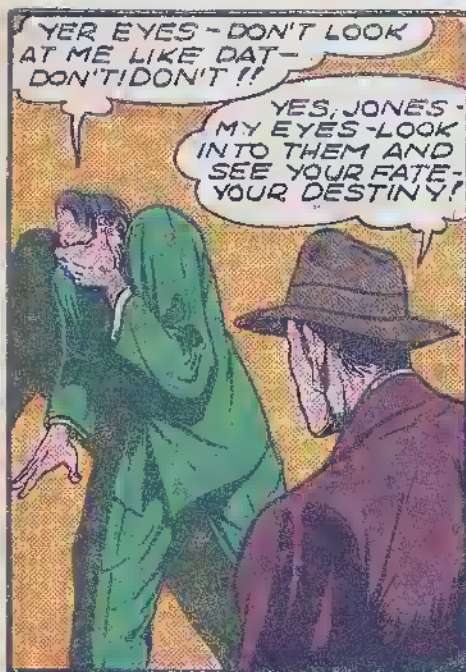


AND YOU WANT ME
TO CHANGE YOUR FEATURES
BY PLASTIC SURGERY, SO YOU
WILL BE FREE TO CARRY
ON YOUR LIFE OF CRIME,
UNMOLESTED BY THE LAW--
NEVER-- I'D RATHER DIE,
THAN HELP
YOU!



EDITOR'S NOTE--
IN THE LAST ISSUE OF
POLICE COMICS, OSCAR
JONES WAS IMPRISONED
FOR MURDER-- HE ESCAPED
BUT WAS CAUGHT
FIGHTER, TII-- IN THE
FIGHT, JONES SHOT AND
HE HAD ESCAPED THE
CLUTCHES OF THE LAW--
NOW ONLY A FEW
MINUTES HAVE GONE
BY SINCE THE KILLING--
BUT FATE RULES THAT
THE DESTINY OF ALL
EVIL, IS JUSTLY REWARDED
FOR THE DEED-----

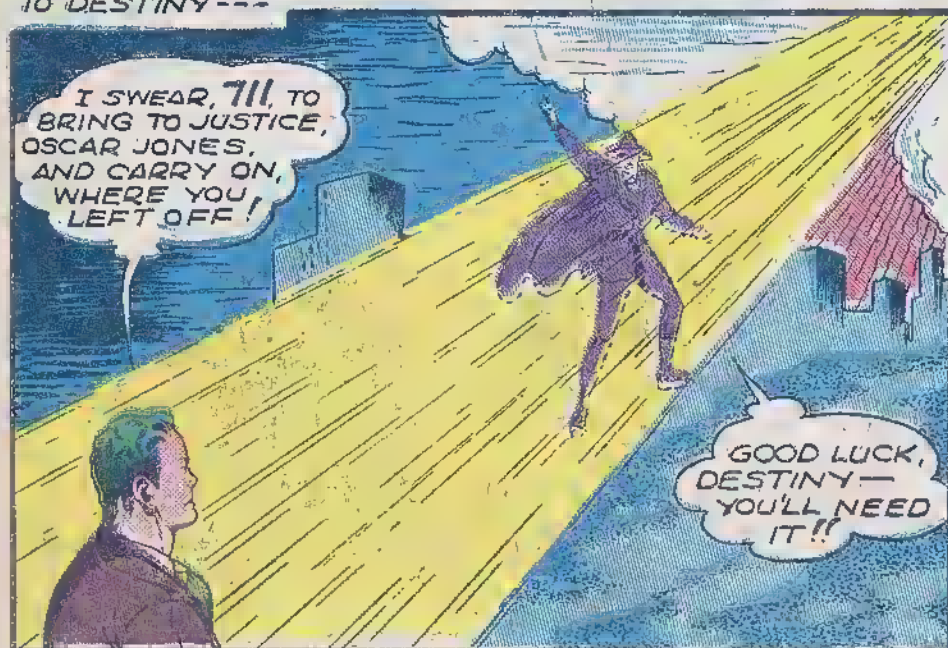




AND THE CRAFTY KILLER SWINGS TO SAFETY ON A TELEPHONE WIRE ---



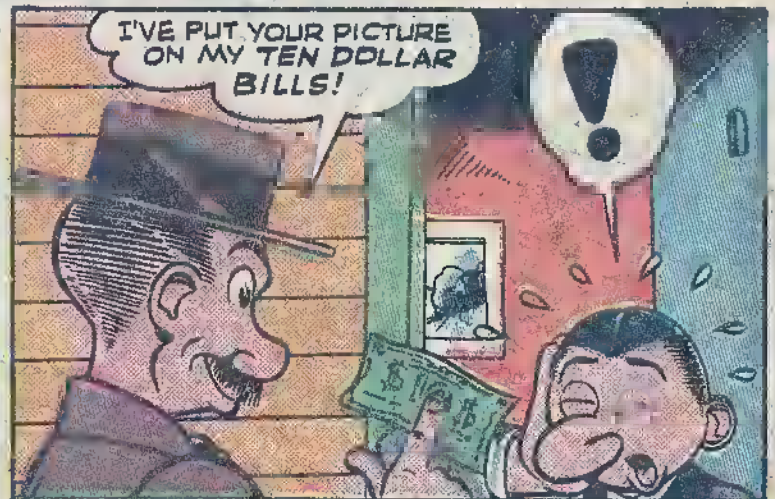
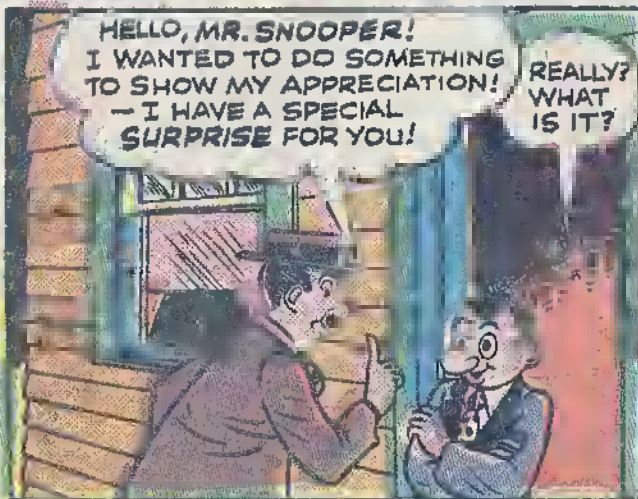
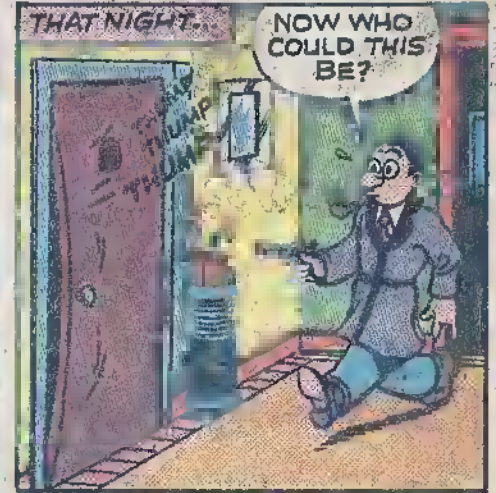
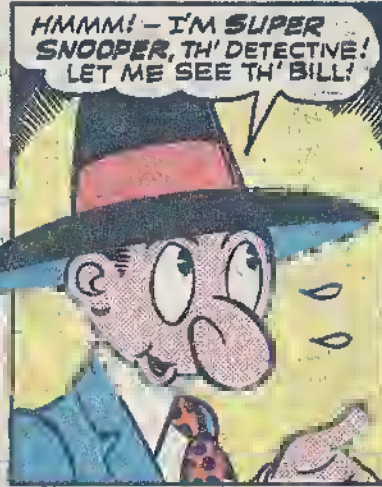
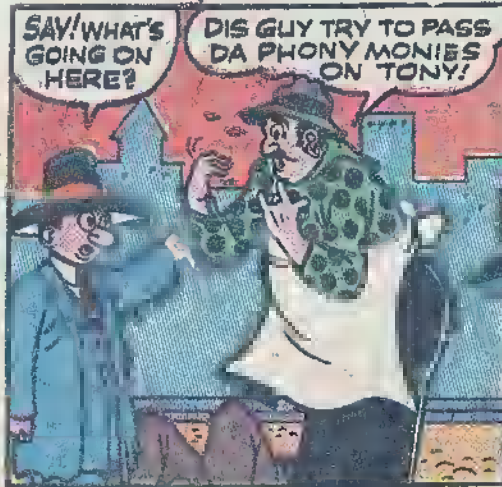
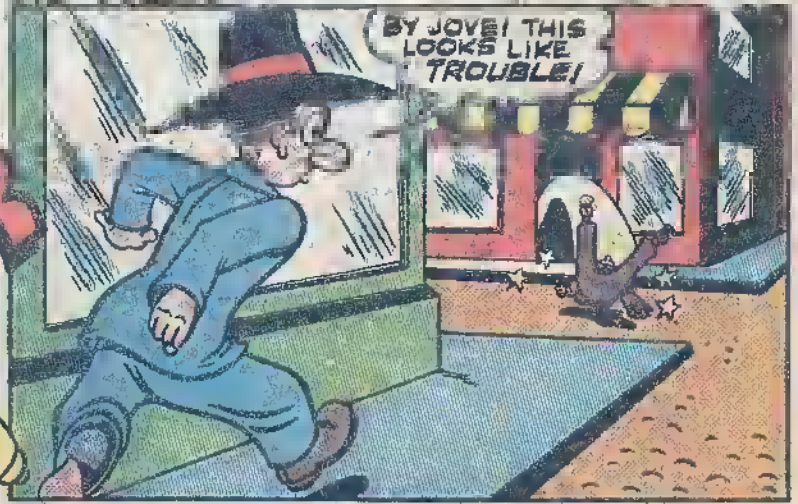
AND OUTSIDE, A SCENE TAKES PLACE, THAT IS ONLY VISIBLE TO DESTINY ---



HAS OSCAR JONES, THE KILLER, ESCAPED THAT WHICH FATE HAD DECREED TO BE HIS JUST DESERT? FOLLOW **DESTINY**, THIS AMAZING NEW AND DIFFERENT CHARACTER, IN HIS ADVENTURES AGAINST THE EVILS OF SOCIETY --- DON'T MISS THE NEXT OR ANY ISSUE OF **POLICE COMICS**, THE BEST BOOK OF ALL!!

SUPER SNOOPER

The YEGG BEATER





AT THE HOME OF SENATOR KNIGHT, A PARTY IS ABOUT TO DEPART FOR THE OPERA

I SEE YOU'RE WEARING YOUR DIAMOND NECKLACE, MRS. VAN BILT.

DON'T YOU THINK IT A BIT DANGEROUS?

NONSENSE! WHO COULD STEAL IT IN PUBLIC?

A SHORT WHILE LATER ...

IT'S JUST STARTED. WE DIDN'T MISS MUCH!

YOU SIT HERE, YOU CAN SEE BETTER!

THE PARTY SETTLES THEMSELVES... THE LIGHTS DIM... THEN...

LOVELY SINGING! SO RELAXING!

AS THE LIGHTS GOME ON AT INTERMISSION,

MRS. VAN BILT... YOUR NECKLACE... IT'S GONE!

WHAT? HEAVENS! POLICE... I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

I'LL GET THE COPS!

WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE

AND WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT ON THEY WERE GONE!

TAKE IT EASY, LADY! WE'LL SEARCH EVERY PERSON BEFORE THEY LEAVE HERE!

COMING WITH US, SANDRA?

NO. I WOULDN'T BE OF ANY USE. YOU WAIT DOWN STAIRS AND I'LL WATCH THE OPERA!

BACK IN THE BOX...

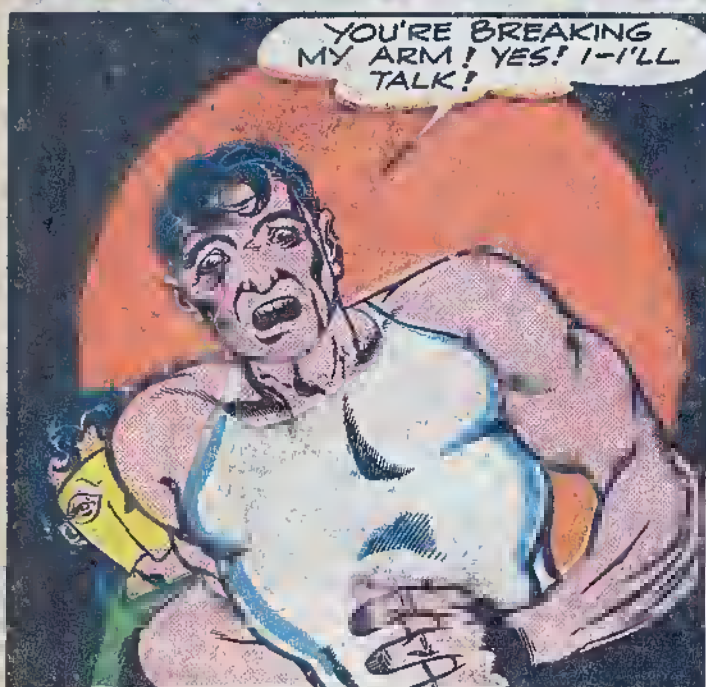
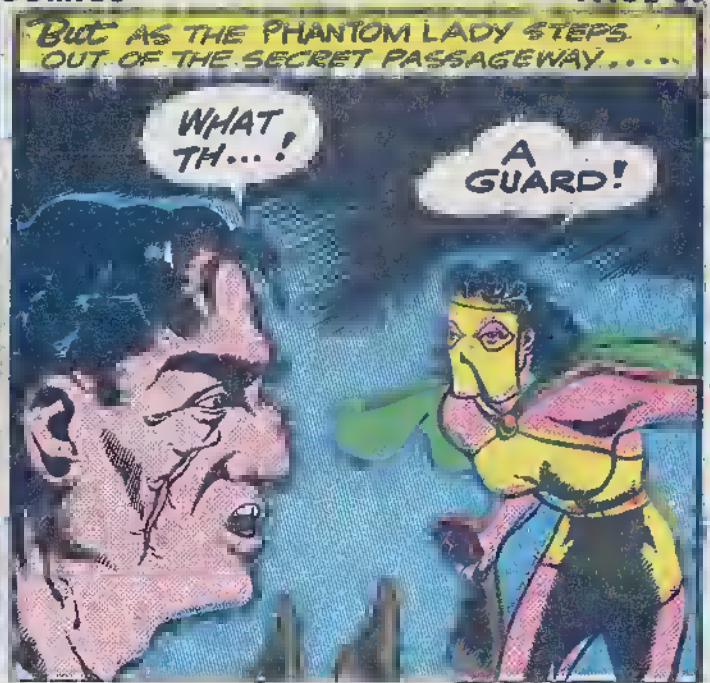
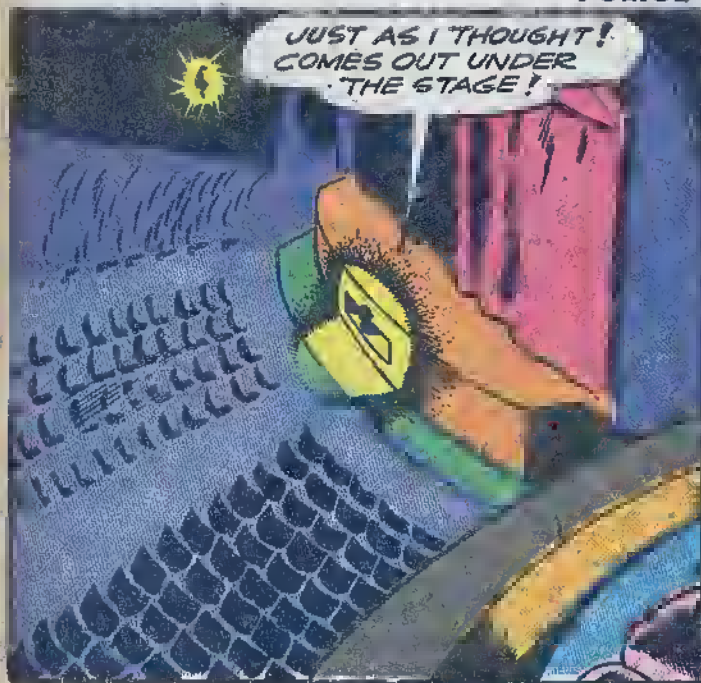
LET'S SEE. SHE WAS SITTING NEAR THESE DRAPERIES... WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE A POWDER SMUDGE! HMMMM!

THIS IS A JOB FOR THE PHANTOM LADY! THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO CHANGE!

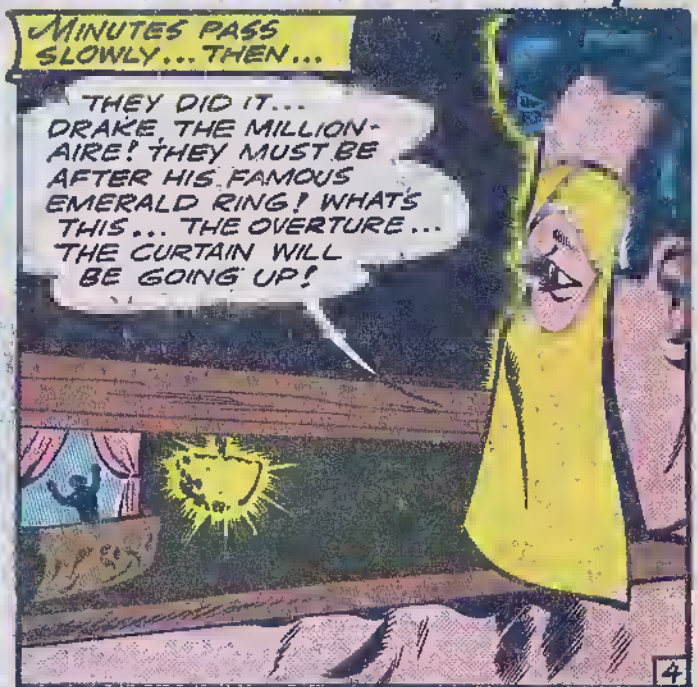
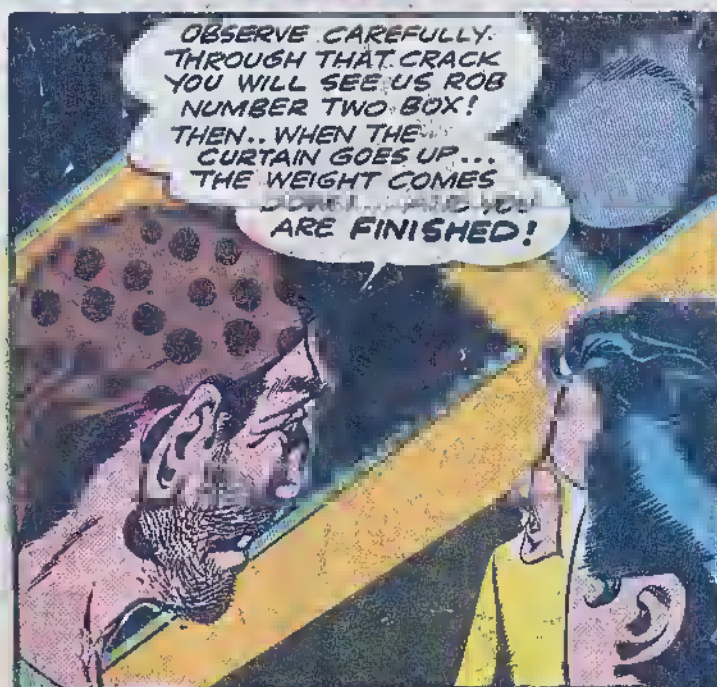
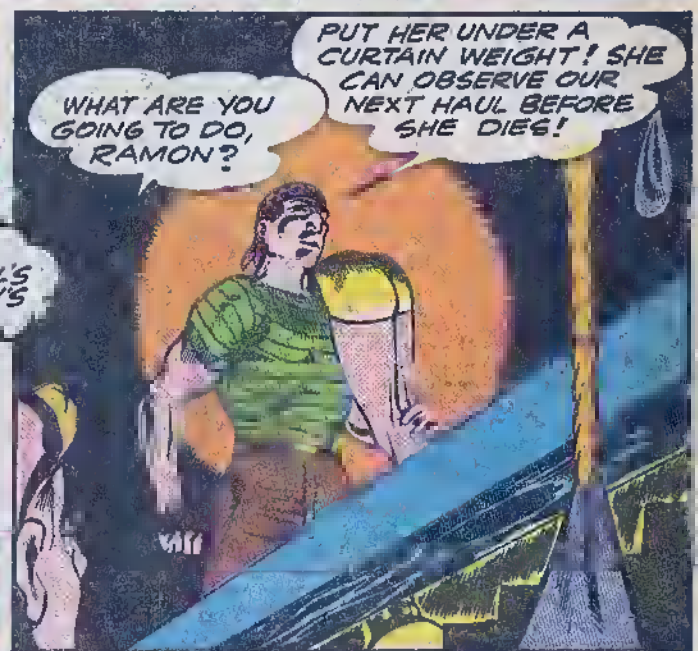
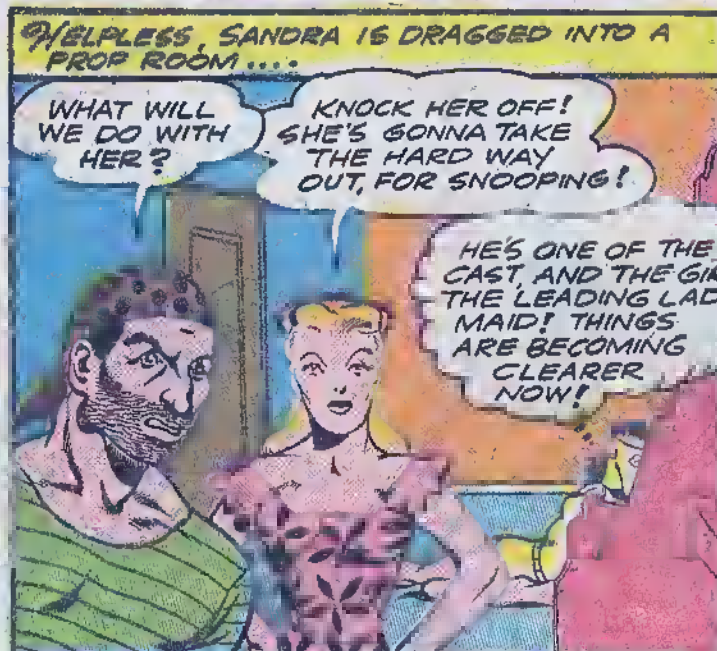
THAT'S FUNNY. THIS JOINT DOESN'T LOOK VERY SOLID! WONDER WHAT A LITTLE WEIGHT WILL DO?

A HEAVY PUSH, AND

HMMM - A MAGICIAN'S EXIT. I'LL FOLLOW IT DOWN!



GO ON....
HE'S BEEN
SHOT!



SANDRA'S MIND RACES. SHE MANAGES TO FREE HER FLASH... AND TWISTS OFF THE GLASS!

HER FINGERS WORK FURIOUSLY....

...THEN, SHE'S FREE! JUST IN TIME!

NOT MUCH TIME! HAVE TO BREAK THE GLASS LENS AND SAW THROUGH THE ROPES!



WHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

CLUNK

DOWNSTAIRS...

THAT GUY MUST HAVE BEEN THE MATE IN THE PLAY. HMMM! HE COMES OUT IN TEN MINUTES, SO NOW HE MUST BE IN HIS DRESSING ROOM!

QUICKLY, THE PHANTOM LADY WORMS THROUGH THE CORRIDORS UNTIL....

HERE IT IS! THEY'RE COMING OUT!

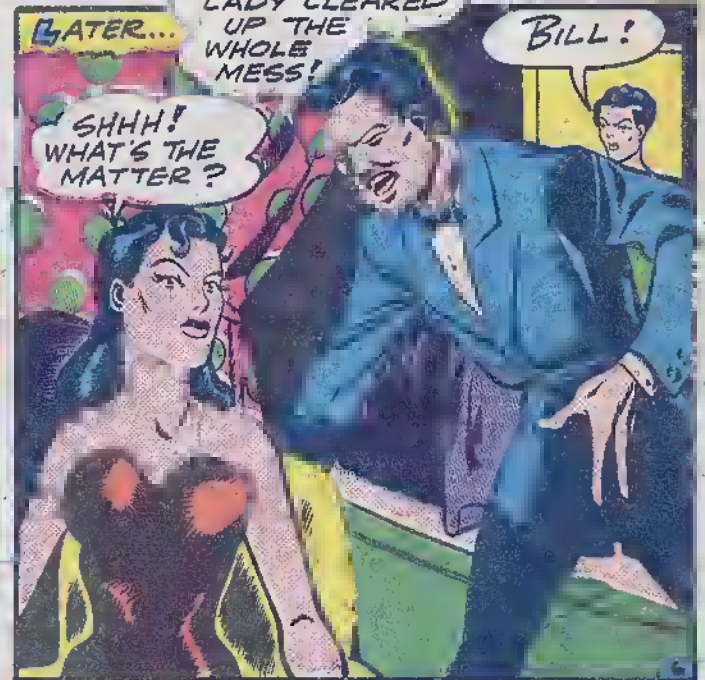
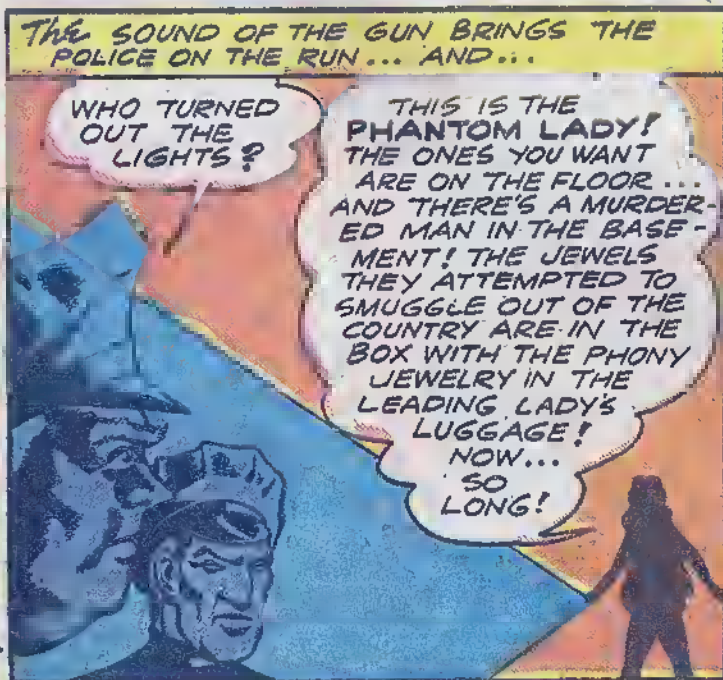
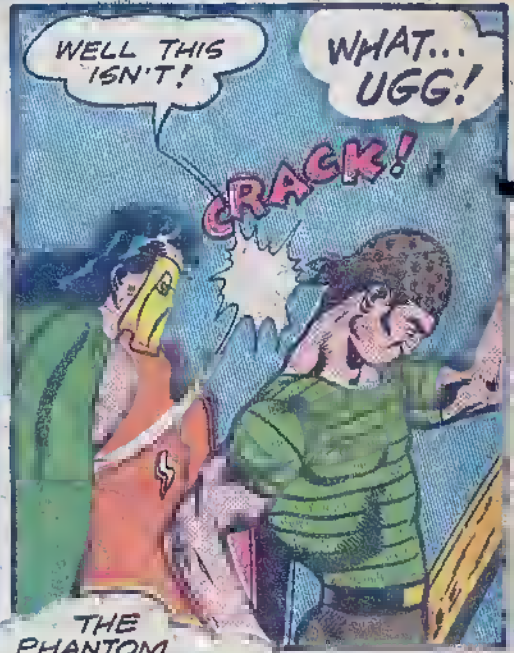
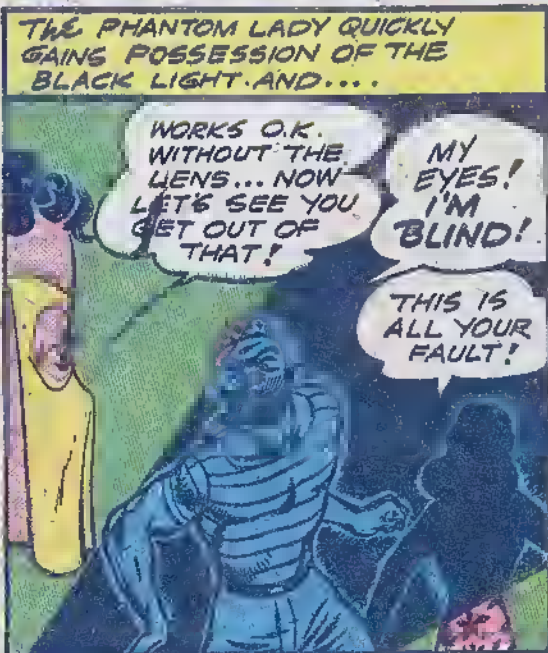
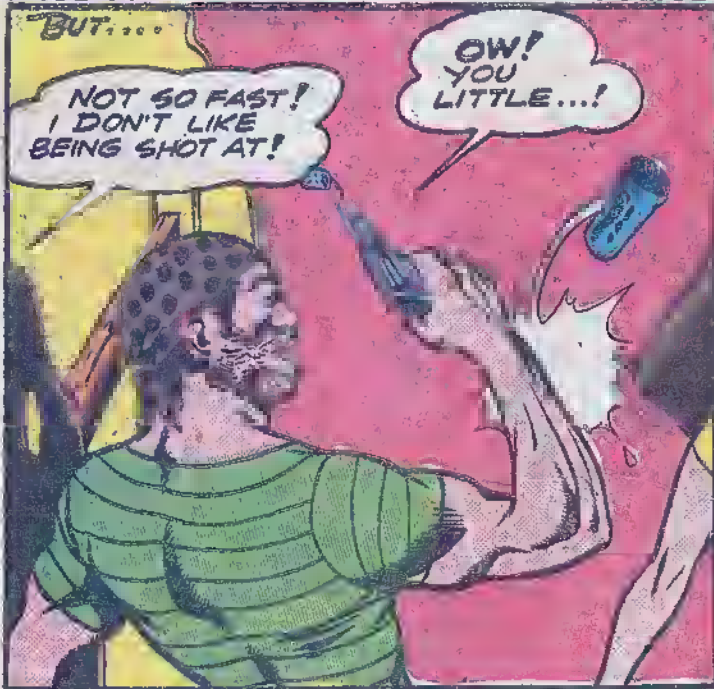
I'LL GO AHEAD TO MADAM'S ROOM WITH THESE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

ULG!

YOU! LOOSE...! THIS TIME I'LL FINISH YOU BOTH AND TAKE THE WHOLE WORKS!

UH-OH! THINK FAST, PHANTOM LADY!



New DAISY Play Guns READY



BANG BANG BANG

- FAST AS YOU CAN WORK IT!

★ **HARMLESS!**

★ Military Gun Sling

★ Fast Pump Action

1 Repeater

1" Noise

★ Genuine Daisy Quality and Durability

\$1¹⁹

Duty Added in Canada

Plus 6c Postage

DAISY COMMANDO Repeating PLAY GUN

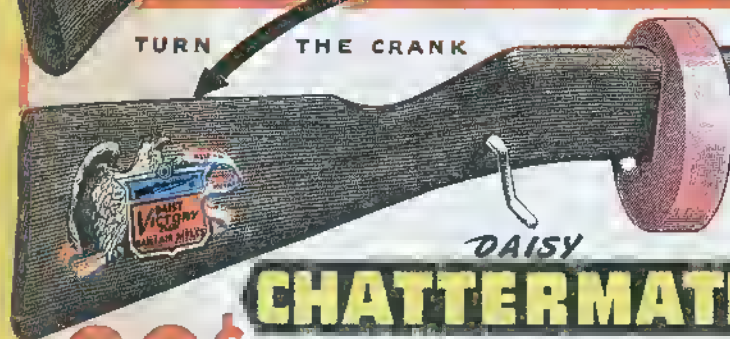
Get and shoot this new, safe fun gun—the DAISY COMMANDO! (Not an air rifle.) Just put that husky stock to your shoulder, grab the pump action and let 'er go! Makes a "BANG!" each time you work it. Be a Commando! Carry it on your 'back with the military-type gun sling—like a Commando does! Absolutely harmless. Exciting fun, indoors, outdoors. Ideal for military drills. Ask Dad or Mother to send only \$1.19 plus 6c for postage-handling direct to us and we'll ship your COMMANDO postpaid at once! (Or use your own money!)

This beautiful red, white and blue Daisy Victory Model Crest appears on each play gun stock.



TURN THE CRANK

RAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT RAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT-TAT



DAISY CHATTERMATIC

89¢

Plus 11c Postage
Duty Added in Canada

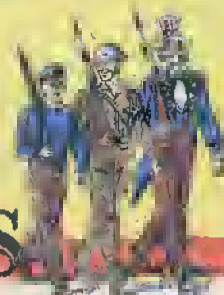
TURN the firing crank—hear this sub-machine gungo "Rat-tat-tat-tat!" Sounds like a real Tommy Gun—the kind soldiers carry. Daisy CHATTERMATIC is safe, harmless. Realistic handgrip, round magazine in machine gun style. It "shoots noise"—and plenty of it! Not an air rifle. Sturdy, all-wood construction. Jet black barrel, red magazine, natural wood finish stock. You'll be the envy of the other kids when your Daisy CHATTERMATIC starts "chattering." Light, easy to carry and use. Genuine Daisy quality and workmanship. Get yours now. If you haven't the money—ask Dad or Mother to mail only 89c plus 11c for postage-handling DIRECT to Daisy and we'll ship CHATTERMATIC immediately! Do it now!

TO BOYS OF AIR RIFLE AGE:

Your Daisy Dealer may have some Daisy Air Rifles in stock. Tell DAD you want one for Christmas... suggest he buy it right now from the Dealer—because no more Daisy Air Rifles will be manufactured during the war. Daisy is TOO busy making war products for Victory.

Attention PARENTS!

These two new Daisy play guns carry the Commendation Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE. They are made of wood on machines not needed for war production. The COMMANDO and CHATTERMATIC are harmless but give plenty of o-o-t-i-o-n and noise to children from 4 to 11 years old. Both are superior in workmanship, durability, and quality. Order DIRECT from us



DAISY PLAY GUNS MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WORLDO-FAMOUS

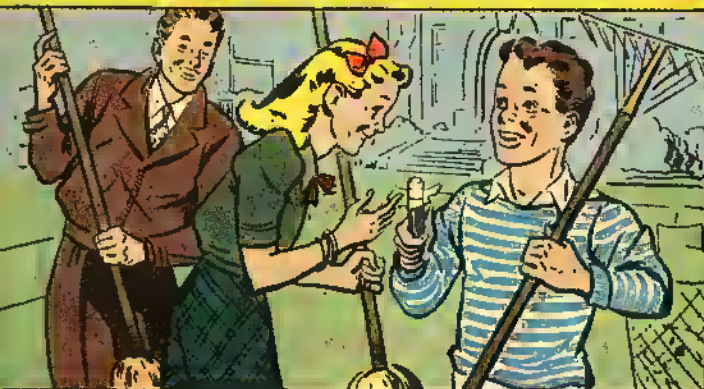
DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 491 UNION ST., DEPT. 3, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

HONORS TO ALL

WHO HELP US WIN!



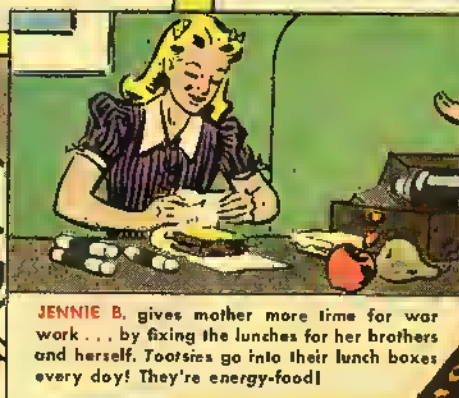
JOHNNY T. takes over! Big Sam who cleaned the school grounds is in the Navy now. So Johnny T. and his pals carry on. (They sweeten their labors with chewy TOOTSIE ROLLS, America's favorite candy!)



LOOK AT ELSIE D. painting furniture for the U. S. O. Recreation House! She slings a mean brush (and peps herself up with chocolate TOOTSIE ROLLS. Tootsies are swell for muscles . . . and brains too!)



DONALD S. has distributed hundreds of posters to storekeepers! We say hurray for Donald! He says hurroy for TOOTSIE ROLLS, his favorite candy! Donald eats at least one Tootsie Roll a day!



JENNIE B. gives mother more time for war work . . . by fixing the lunches for her brothers and herself. Tootsies go into their lunch boxes every day! They're energy-food!



**"BE STRONG TO WIN!"
SAYS UNCLE SAM**

Uncle Sam wants you to eat what's nourishing, pure, and gives you energy. So eat plenty of chewy, chocolate Tootsie Rolls . . .

**RICH IN DEXTROSE
FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY**

Tootsie Rolls

TAKE A TIP! TAKE A TOOTSIE! IT'S TOPS!



America's
favorite
chewy
chocolate
candy

**EVER TASTE A
TOOTSIE POP?**

Look at this picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open. It has a "heart" of soft chewy Tootsie Rolls! Two candies in one . . . All for a penny!

